

CN CALLING

Ring out the Old,
ring in the New:
Ring out the False,
ring in the True

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CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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**A HAPPY
NEW YEAR
TO US ALL**

GOOD NEWS FROM THE OLD YEAR

THERE is a paper in Florida which 28 years ago promised to give itself away every day the sun did not shine, and it is remarkable to know that it has been called upon to give itself away only on an average of five days every year.

If we live to be a hundred we shall never forget the hour when the news came that there was to be no war. Our Prime Minister stopped that.

And the way he did it is something not to be forgotten, for when the German Army was ready to march, to fling the world into ruin and death, Mr Chamberlain flew to Munich and saved the lives of millions. None of the sad things about Munich can destroy this fact—that no injustice of the Peace can compare with the monstrous injustice of a War in which millions of innocent men, women, and children would have died.

One of the best things of the year has been the revelation that the common people everywhere want peace, and especially the revelation that the Germans were filled with thankfulness to Mr Chamberlain.

Few things that have happened for years have had more promise in them than the coming together in 1938 of the democratic nations of All America, and of the growing unity between the English-speaking peoples on both sides of the Atlantic. Mr Roosevelt has boldly declared that Peace is safest with the Democracy.

Following on this the American Trade Agreement has set the wheels of trade going round again, and must prove a bitter blow to the tariff system which has blocked world trade so long.

With this new feeling between our country and America the King and Queen are going to visit Washington, a declaration to all the world of the friendliness which makes it possible for America and the British Empire to have a 3000-mile boundary line without anything more than a stick to defend it.

The King's visit to Paris has also cemented the deep friendship with France and made it clear that our relations are too intimate to need any legal ties.

Germany has put her signature to two of the most dramatic scraps of paper signed in our time, one declaring that she wishes everlasting peace with us, another declaring the same desire for France. No more war between Britain, France, and Germany is what that should mean.

And the Irish settlement has come this year, bringing with it a better feeling all round and a chance for trade prosperity.

What could be better also than the remarkable thing that happened on the National Programme the other night, when for an hour we were all entertained by an Anglo-German concert arranged by the B B C? It was like old times.

The news from Spain is sad enough, but it is wonderful that the Spanish Government has sent away its Internationals, so that on the Government side it is a purely Spanish war. And in spite of General Franco's foreign bombs on Spanish people the Government has refused to retaliate and drops no bombs on civilians.

The Flying World has been wonderful, and all our Empire letters are now carried by air or very soon will be; we are to have an All-Red Flying Mail. Imperial Airways grows better and better, and is rivalling the B B C as a great world institution.

Good news comes to us like sunshine, and it is often there if we will only look for it. Even in this old year of shadows the sun has been shining on most days, and among all the sad and bad news from 1938 is much that should lift up our hearts.

The National Trust is marching on and on with more and more of Dove-dale and the Sussex Downs, and the Forest of Dean is to become a national park. The National Trust this year has acquired possession of 2270 acres in all, and obtained the right to protect twice as much again by covenants.

Parliament has passed a Bill for setting streets aside for children to play in, and any town which has more children than playing-grounds for them may now give them a street without traffic. The L C C has decided to set up a Green Belt of playing-fields

round London, so that every boy who cannot find room for pitches in parks can spend at least one day a week on a playing-field somewhere.

Also we are soon to be sure of the right of way for all on mountains and moors and, of course, the wretched slums are coming down faster than ever.

As for our great benefactors, they have been splendid. Lord Nuffield is giving an Iron Lung to every hospital in the Empire, and Lord Wakefield carries on with the Children's Beach at the Tower. King George's Trust has spent £100,000, the Pilgrim Trust has followed suit, the hospital flag days have had record collections, and the Garden Fund for the Nurses has had the biggest collection it has ever known, £15,000.

There have been record harvests all over the world, and if Governments were sensible there need be no hungry child on earth.

The Empire Exhibition at Glasgow was a huge success with more than 12 million visitors.

Over nine million working people have been promised holidays with pay for the first time in their lives.

Sir John Jarvis, with his great public spirit, has bought up the Berengaria and sent it to Jarrow for breaking up; it will give hundreds of people work.

The Germans have discovered a new microscope which increases the power of vision beyond all dreams, and it must be of extraordinary value to the world.

The Thames Tunnel from Essex to Kent is through.

Cecil Rhodes's birthplace has been made into a museum.

All the City of London telephones are now automatic, and the Post Office has started the first Mobile Telephone Exchange, which can go anywhere.

The Government has decided to introduce more humanity into prison life, stopping flogging and abolishing the stigma on the convict; it has also stopped the impostor who offers bogus shares for sale.

They are not bad things, all these, and one more good thing there is to add from Fleet Street, for no news can be better in these days than the remarkable rise of a newspaper which has set the aim before itself of being clean, honest, reliable, and all-informing. We are speaking of the Daily Telegraph, the supreme penny daily which has won for itself in these days of sensational journalism the most wonderful circulation ever reached by a paper of great dignity.

Who Wins This Race?



This picture is 400 years old, yet what could be more fitting for our New Year's Day? Who wins this race—Love in her chariot, drawn by the doves of peace, or the men of Mars? Reproduced by courtesy of the British Museum

DOVEDALE'S SAD CHRISTMAS

DOVEDALE had a sad Christmas after all, for just after the announcement of his last Christmas Box to the nation the news came like a blow of the sudden death of Sir Robert McDougall.

He was the best friend Dovedale ever had, and it was his delight, as the CN has so often said, to save a bit of it for the nation. Nor was it only the National Trust that benefited from his generosity, for he gave £20,000 to the

Society of Friends to help the unemployed with allotments, and £15,000 to help the scientific work at Rothamsted.

He was a man of great sincerity, yet modest withal, and did not wish to let his right hand know what his left hand gave. He was in politics a Liberal, and liberal in all things, and a hundred good causes are poorer for his passing, though all of us are richer for his having been among us.

DEATH OF A PARLIAMENT

A Dramatic Event in Italy

Chanting Fascist Anthems as their Swan Song, the Italian Chamber of Deputies met for the last time the other day. So one more Parliament, modelled to some extent on our own Mother of Parliaments, has passed into History.

It is true that History has not very much that is good to record of Italy's Parliaments, yet to an Englishman the passing of any elected body of people is something of a tragedy. However corrupt and however nerveless its members may have been, or however ignorant and careless its electors, there is always hope for improvement in a system which has its basis in freedom of speech and initiative.

The New System

The place of the old Chamber of Deputies is being taken by what is to be known as the Chamber of Corporations, a body which Signor Mussolini has been building up for some years now, and which his admirers declare to be a finer creation than any his military leaders have achieved for him. The Corporations which will be represented in the new Chamber are the governing bodies of 22 branches of the economic life of the nation. This is something like the Guild System of medieval towns, and embraces not only industries but arts and professions, banking and insurance.

In each Corporation representatives of the workers sit with representatives of employers, while three or four members of the National Fascist Party, "representing the public," sit with them.

It is Mussolini's boast that the system gives each workman a part in the control of his industry.

What may be regarded as the revolutionary feature of the new scheme is that of endowing the Corporations with legislative powers, their decisions becoming law when approved and promulgated by the Head of the State.

Gains and Losses

There is no question that Signor Mussolini has done magnificent work in clearing up the mess and muddle of political and social Italy when he and his blackshirts seized power. Yet we must not forget that he has suppressed liberty of speech, liberty of the press, and as far as possible liberty of thought, insisting that only one party should rule from end to end of Italy. Rule they do, in the old way of Imperial Rome, by the exercise of restraint and force. We may ask ourselves, therefore, whether a system on such a basis can survive in a world where the spirit of enquiry, of independent examination, and of ever-increasing contacts with men and women of different ideas in the New World and the Old, thrives and grows in strength.

It seems to us that there is one Guild lacking in the new Italian Parliament, the Guild of Free Men.

An African Traveller

A courageous traveller came to her journey's end when Miss Gertrude Benham passed on at sea while off the west coast of Africa.

Africa knew her well. A quarter of a century ago she crossed it with no companion except the native carriers of her baggage. She hired them as she went along, and her brave, unwearied feet took her unharmed over thousands of miles of forest and jungle and bush. Before that she had gone as a trial trip in much the same way from the Cape to Kenya.

She was one of the first women, to reach the top of Mount Kilimanjaro, in what was then German East Africa and is now Tanganyika, and she did the last lap of 4000 feet alone.

1939 in History

THE New Year 1939 is rich in interesting anniversaries.

It is a thousand years since the famous Persian astronomer and mathematician Abul-wafa was born. It is 300 years since Thomas Tompion, the Father of English watchmaking, was born, and since William Mompesson, the hero of Eyam, first opened his eyes.

Two centuries ago this year was born John Walter, founder of The Times, and Sir Hyde Parker, the admiral. January 19 is the 100th anniversary of the birth of Paul Cézanne, the French artist.

It will be 100 years on February 13 since Sir William Arrol was born, remembered as the founder of the great engineering firm which built the Forth Bridge and the Tower Bridge. On February 20 Settle in Yorkshire will celebrate the centenary of the birth of Benjamin Waugh, founder of the NSPCC. March 27 is the 50th anniversary of the death of John Bright. It was on April 22, 1839, that Thomas Bayly the song-writer died; and April 30 is the 500th anniversary of the death of Richard Beauchamp, the famous Earl of Warwick whose magnificent tomb is one of the sights of the church in which he sleeps.

It will be 850 years on May 24 since Archbishop Lanfranc died, his passing being commemorated at Canterbury; and two days later Lady Mary Montagu will be remembered, for she was born 250 years ago. Her letters give us a wonderful picture of the England of her day.

It was on June 17, 1839, that Lord William Cavendish Bentinck, India's first Governor-General, died; and on June 17 falls the 700th anniversary of the birth of Edward the First. June 23 is the centenary of the death of that astonishing woman Lady Hester Stanhope. On July 2 comes the 450th

anniversary of the birth of Archbishop Cranmer; and four days later brings us to the 750th anniversary of the death of Henry the Second, the king who quarrelled with Becket.

Fifty years ago on July 31 died Horatius Bonar, the Scottish preacher; and on September 19 in 1839 was born the famous and beloved George Cadbury, social reformer and dreamer of Bournville. September 23 will bring to mind Eliza Cook who wrote the poem on The Cane-Bottomed Chair, for it will then be 50 years since she passed on. October 7 is the 100th anniversary of the birth of Lady Brassey, the traveller whose story of the Voyage in the Sunbeam was a great favourite. We may be sure that Manchester will celebrate the 50th anniversary of the death of James Prescott Joule, the wonderful scientist who died on October 11, 1889; and a still more notable day will be November 15, for it is the centenary of the death of William Murdock, inventor of gas-lighting. The following day will be the anniversary of the birth of William de Morgan, artist, potter, and writer of charming novels. November 18, 1889, was the last day in the life of William Allingham, who gave us the delightful little poem

*Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
I dare not go a-hunting
For fear of little men.*

November 20 will be the centenary of the death of John Williams, the heroic missionary who was killed by cannibals; and the last notable date is December 12, the 50th anniversary of the death of that unconquerable poet of optimism, Robert Browning, who believed that, in spite of all evil,

*God's in His Heaven.
All's well with the world.*

GOOD SAMARITANS

Lord Baldwin's Fund for the Jewish refugees is drawing the hidden kindness out of many gentle hearts, as the subscription lists testify.

In the first few days we noticed two gifts of £5000, one of £1500, 21 of £1000, 18 of £500, and about 150 of £100.

But money is not the only expression of kind hearts, there is the helping hand as well. A quarter of a million letters of appeal were sent out, and they had to be addressed.

The hall in Essex Street, Strand, would not hold one-tenth of those who volunteered to do it, and a hall in the Temple, as well as the lovely Accountants Hall on the Embankment, were recruited for the service, yet still the volunteers came.

Men and women came in unasked, sat down at the tables, did an afternoon's work on the envelopes, and quietly departed without any fuss. They did their good turn and let nobody know.

Celluloid Goes Marching On

The celluloid tragedy goes on its mournful way; two more deaths have occurred as the old year is going out.

One we have already reported—the death of Peter Douglas Deboo, aged 11 months, who died from burns received from his celluloid rattle catching fire.

The second case is that of Edith Price, a housemaid at Dinnington, Sheffield, who was poking the fire when her celluloid cuffs blazed up.

In both cases protests were made against celluloid at the inquest. In the first case the coroner, Mr L. F. Beccles, told the jury that he agreed that celluloid should not be used for toys, and in the second case Professor Holden, of the Home Office Laboratory at Nottingham, put a match to the corner of a piece of cuff, which flared up nearly a foot high and in 20 seconds was burned out. The jury added to the verdict a rider against the wearing of such celluloid cuffs.

THE FRANCO BOMB

General Franco continued distributing his Christmas crackers throughout the season of peace and goodwill.

He addressed them where they would do most harm, and shells from his batteries fell on the Hospital of the Child Jesus, now a children's welfare centre in stricken Madrid. Six people who were there will never see another Christmas. Twenty begin the New Year as wrecks.

Madrid was not alone in receiving these gifts. In Valencia Harbour, where the food ships for the starving put in, the Franco bombs (all foreign bombs dropped on Spaniards) killed three people and wounded seven.

A Kindness Long Ago

Mr Walter Todd of Lazenby Hall, near Northallerton, has been given an easy chair in commemoration of his 60 years as a Methodist local preacher.

At 84 Mr Todd may boast that he has preached 4000 sermons, and that he has never wearied of well-doing out of one century into another. He remembers a kindness shown to him many years ago. He had been preaching in a Yorkshire village when the weather made it impossible to go home, and he was persuaded to stay the night with two Methodists, a man and his wife, but it was not till the next morning that he discovered that the good folk had sat up all night so that he might have the bed.

A New Year's Gift to Six Miners

Six miners employed at Sneyd Collieries, Stoke-on-Trent, have a combined total of 330 years service.

One miner has 68 years service, having started work in the pit at the age of ten. Another has a 60 years record, and each of the others has over 50 years. The management has given each of them a New Year's gift of £50.

LITTLE NEWS REEL

Germany is calling home the German domestic servants in Switzerland.

A Southampton butcher has left a fortune of £147,000.

At a Richmond meeting for sending relief to Spain a young woman handed up to the platform a bundle of twenty £5 notes.

All fares on Italian State Railways have been increased by 20 per cent.

The C.N. much appreciates the sympathetic gift of £2 sent by Mc for various charities, and also the gift sent by A Lover of Children.

Every year towards the end of December a ship carrying nothing but mistletoe from Normandy sails into the Port of Liverpool. This year she brought 5000 crates of mistletoe.

Many collieries are at present working far below the busy streets of Manchester, and a mining survey of Manchester just published reveals that there are 260 potential coal mines under the city.

At a meeting of Quakers at Friends House, held to collect funds for sending food to Spain, the ticket of admittance was a tin of condensed milk.

During the past year planes working in the northern districts of Canada have carried more than 26 million pounds of freight, including oxen for the pioneer farmer and machinery for the development of mines.

A cat astonished a farmer in Wisconsin the other day by crawling out of a barn where it had been imprisoned under four feet of hay for eight days.

THINGS SEEN

Women waiting in queues for eggs in Berlin.

A red paper fez on the head of a prince's statue at Windsor.

An elephant from a zoo sent as a Christmas box for a Shropshire lad.

A chess player at Leeds playing 36 opponents and making 1200 moves in five hours.

THINGS SAID

It is only the Press that can arouse the people to a knowledge of their great power. Mr Gerald Dodson

It is a tendency of the Age to get everything made faster and easier.

Sir Wilfrid Greene

The people of England do not realise how far we are behind in training youth.

Sir Kenneth Lee

It is no use going to Germany on missions of peace, when their towns are placarded with vilifications of our comrades. President of British Legion

You will get a square deal on the railway here. Notice in a model railway shop

Americans have become amazingly Europe-minded in the last few months.

A lecturer in New York

The Governor-General of Canada is exactly the kind of man every young man would like to be. A Professor at Yale

THE BROADCASTER

MINERS and their wives were the guests of the Duchess of Hamilton at a dance.

CONGREGATIONALISTS at Bellingham in Kent have saved £80 by re-decorating their church themselves.

LORD NUFFIELD has given £31,000 to an Oxford Hospital.

LORD BALDWIN'S Refugee Fund grew in ten days till it reached £1000 an hour.

BURY GRAMMAR SCHOOL has agreed to take at least one Jewish boy free of charge.

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The Children's Newspaper

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Climbing to Fitness • Siam's Boy King • Maori Gateway



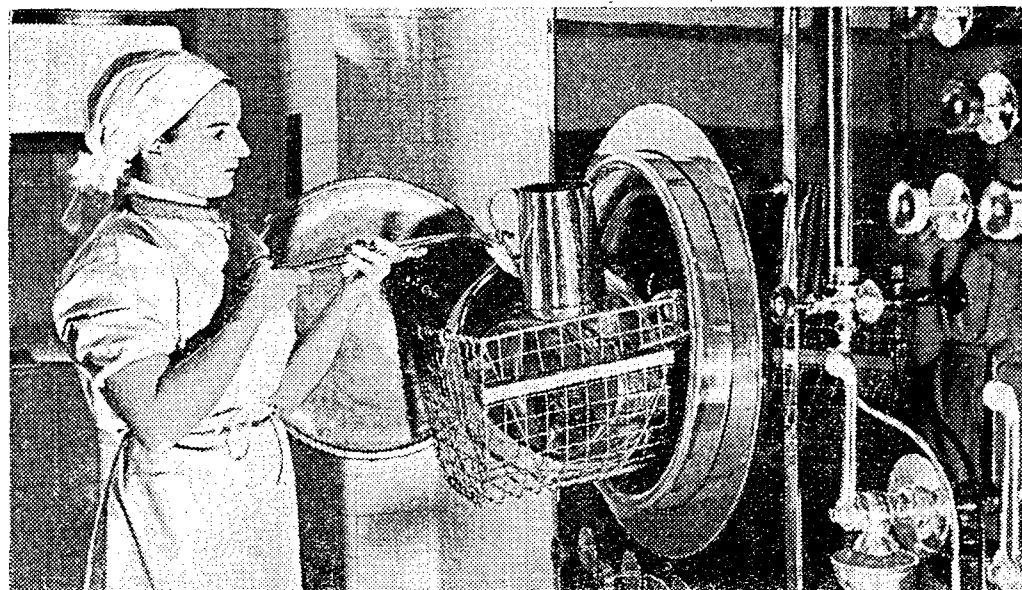
Climbing to Fitness—Exercises in the gymnasium of Queenswood School near Hatfield



Our Guests—Two young refugees from Vienna on arrival at Harwich the other day



Boy King as Scout—King Ananda of Siam helps to adjust a flag at a parade of girl athletes in the National Stadium, Bangkok



Behind the Scenes—A nurse placing stainless steel utensils in a huge sterilising machine at Birmingham's up-to-date hospital at Dudley Road



This is a Maori Gateway, at which the New Zealand correspondent of the CN is the figure on the right, smiling as a CN correspondent should be

AN OVERCOAT FOR TWO

An Amusing Tale From a Zoo

Before the owner parted with the overcoat it was meant for one, the youth who wore it at the Chester Zoo.

He was leaning over the barrier, separated by six feet from the cage of the chimpanzees Kiki and Tarzana, when he let his handkerchief fall between the wall and the cage. Disregarding the warning not to go nearer the cage, he climbed the barrier.

Before he could pick it up there was a tug at his coat. The chimpanzees had got it. Realising that they were hauling him towards the bars of the cage, he very prudently slipped out of it.

That suited the chimpanzees to perfection. Kiki hauled it inside and put it on. Tarzana looked on with jealous eyes, and when Kiki began to investigate the pockets seized the opportunity—and the coat. It was not made for two, and neither Kiki nor Tarzana would let go, so they tore it in half and each wore a sleeve and half a coat. Everyone was satisfied, the chimpanzees, the amused spectators, and even the youth who had lost his overcoat as well as his handkerchief, for he realised he had got off cheaply.

The Tallyman Calls on the Railway

The tallyman is a familiar sight with his van well stocked with all kinds of household goods.

But have you heard of the railway tallyman? The G.W.R. employs five of them, and every Monday morning they leave Swindon with special vans attached to passenger trains. Each tallyman has a big section of line to cover, and he is away from the depot until the weekend, when he comes back for restocking purposes. His travelling warehouse carries a big stock of towels, dusters, buckets, dustbins, lamps, padlocks, brushes, and numerous other things required in the daily life of a station.

The time of the tallyman's arrival is known to the station staff, and in the short time while the train stops the exchange of old goods for new must be made. No money passes, but labels attached to the old goods enable accountants at Swindon to make charges against the stations concerned.

Near the Pole

Russian scientists report the discovery in the Far North of a strong current of warm water about 600 feet below the surface.

Its presence, according to those who have recently explored an area of the Arctic never before seen by human eyes, means that to the north of Novaya Zemlya, Svernaya Zemlya, and Novosibirsk Islands it should usually be possible for ships to make good headway. It seems that the stream was discovered north of Kotelný Island; and the scientists report that the ice of the middle Arctic is not as dangerous to shipping as that found near the coasts.

Telephone Talks

While Britain has grown increasingly telephone-minded of recent years, we still lag behind America, Canada, and other nations as telephone users. We average 43 calls a head every year, but America averages 209 and Canada 222. We are the tenth in the world in this.

France is so far behind as to be among the small telephone users; her calls are only 22 a year. It is a significant fact.

The world as a whole has less than two telephones for each 100 of its people. Even London has only 16 per 100 people with a telephone! Washington has 38 per cent on the telephone system.

Europe in Need of Good Manners

Is there not one supreme lesson which Europe needs to learn, and which we may all hope will be learned in this New Year?

Good manners are as needful to good feeling between nations as between people. Because they spring from kindness they sweeten intercourse. They smooth out differences as bad manners embitter them. Because half the world hears what the other half says, those who speak for nations should be careful what they say and how they say it.

No newspaper can hold itself exempt from this rule of conduct and feeling, and it is even more imperative that this should be observed when nations employ spokesmen in tightly-censored newspapers to give out the views of their leaders. The newspaper spokesmen then write with the approval or authority of those who direct the nation's affairs. At all times they should be careful to mind their manners.

This year now passing has seen a sorry lapse from this kind of good feeling. Lord Baldwin makes an appeal for the refugee Jews, for all who are persecuted or distressed. We know what the rest of the world thinks; but the speech was at once assailed by the German censored press (who were told what to say and could do no other)

as mendacious hypocrisy, Anglo-Saxon cant, and the language of the gutter.

What decent man would say this face to face with another, either in England or in Germany? What responsible statesman should allow anyone to say it for him?

That is not the whole story. Mr Chamberlain, in a speech broadcast to the world, said of this attack that he must deplore the attitude of the German press in pouring out vituperation against our most respected statesman.

Could Mr Chamberlain do other? What was the retort of the German press? They boycotted the speech and returned to the fray by attacking Mr Chamberlain. We should be ashamed to make the obvious retort to this, and we cannot believe any individual German would be so ill-mannered. The fault lies in the gap between policy and good feeling. It is policy which seeks to work up bitterness against any country or any individual not in agreement with particular aims. It is policy which debars a hundred million newspaper readers in Europe from trying to learn what other countries think or feel.

It is a policy of danger to us all and is neither good manners nor good feeling.

May we not hope that good manners may return to Europe this coming year?

No Excuse For Forgetting Your Appointment

Surely it is no longer possible for any critic of national institutions to say that the State has no regard for human values.

The Telephone Service, as controlled by the G.P.O. not only telegraphs kind messages to our friends on pretty forms and keeps Mr Tim to tell us the time, but now it will actually keep appointments for us!

A special service has been arranged for busy or absent-minded people in the shape of an Appointment Reminder. We have only to tell our telephone exchange when the appointment is made and the G.P.O. does the rest. At the proper hour the exchange will ring us up.

Another help is that the telephone will call us up every morning if we care to put it at our bedside. Ting-a-ling, goes the telephone. Seven o'clock, says the operator, and then we can either get up or go to sleep again.

We are at last becoming telephone-minded. There are now over 3,100,000 subscribers, 1,160,000 in London. Automatic telephones are increasing, which is good for all but people with bad sight.

The Tragic Family

The London Missionary Society has nearly 3000 refugees in its schools and hostels in the Hankow district.

One large family, 30 strong, set out for one of the camps, but by the time they arrived 19 had been killed by bombs and machine-guns. So far missionaries have escaped in air raids and are organising schools for the children. The Government has provided material for making hempen sandals and tools or hand-loom, and the stronger refugees are helping in road-making.

A Rolling Stone

Experts are to be asked to explain how a boulder which has been unearthed at Shaw, near Oldham, came to be where the workmen found it. Discovered on a new building site, it weighs over two tons, and is of grey granite, a kind of stone found nowhere in the neighbourhood. It is thought that it may have been transported many miles by a glacier of the Ice Age, and if this should prove to be so the boulder will be given a permanent home in a local park.

OTHER WORLDS

Life on Them Not Thought Possible

A fascinating study is that of the planets. Often the quarrels of men on Earth seem paltry, even to one whose gaze is restricted to our own little planet; when considered in relation to the Solar System they shrink into comic and cosmic insignificance.

Our Astronomer Royal, Dr Spencer Jones, has been discussing the fate of the Earth, and her brothers and sisters of the Sun's planetary system. The general outcome is that ours is the only planet capable of supporting life as we know it, and that, in common with the others, our Mother Earth is doomed to lifelessness through loss of oxygen, without which life cannot be sustained.

Lifeless Mars

Mars, with her higher temperature, lack of oxygen, and abundance of carbon dioxide, can hardly be the abode of life. The famous red colouring of Mars, unique among the heavenly bodies, provides indirect evidence of oxygen, suggesting rocks that have been completely oxidised. We may contrast the colour of Mars with the grey or brownish rocks of the Moon, which have not been oxidised.

It appears probable that Mars may be a planet where the weathering of the rocks, followed by their oxidation, has resulted in the almost complete disappearance of oxygen from her atmosphere.

Mars appears to be a world now in the state the Earth will reach when our oxygen has been almost entirely exhausted by the weathering and oxidation of the rocks.

Venus, known to poets both as the Evening Star and the Morning Star, probably has an atmosphere comparable with that of our Earth in extent and density. Her extensive atmosphere is confirmed by observation.

Venus at Boiling Heat

The disc of Venus (so lovely of late) shows faint, ill-defined, transient markings, which are evidently cloud phenomena. No surface details are shown, even on photographs with infra-red sensitive plates.

It is not improbable that the temperature on Venus may be higher than that of boiling water. The high temperature, the lack of oxygen, and the abundance of carbon dioxide can be interpreted as indications that there cannot be any great amount of vegetation there, and suggest that the planet is not the abode of life.

As to Mercury, the evidence is not fully conclusive, but faint and transient shadings on the planet have been interpreted as indications of an atmosphere. It is certain, however, that most of the original atmosphere must have been lost.

The telescopic appearance of ringed Saturn and far-off Jupiter show the existence of a dense atmosphere in both these planets. At one time it was thought that the rapid changes shown by the markings on Jupiter were indications that the planet was hot. It is now thought, on the contrary, that Jupiter is intensely cold.

The Red Indian and His Colours

One of the most interesting exhibits at the Toronto Winter Fair is the display by the Canadian Handicrafts Guild of the ancient art of dyeing, as practised by Red Indians long before the arrival of the white man on the North American continent.

By steeping such things as berries, woods, and barks more than 200 colours are obtained. For example, the bark of a young apple tree gives a bright green, while apple bark in autumn produces a clear yellow; rock lichen gives a greyish brown colour.

500 Million Years on a Column

The Stationery Office has just issued at 2d a guide to the Geological Column in the Museum of Geology at Kensington.

The column is divided into proportionate sections representing the twelve Periods of the 500 million years of the earth's crust. A narrow gold band at the top of the column represents the million years of the Ice Age, and at the base of the column is the biggest section of all, the Cambrian, which lasted 90 million years.

The column is illuminated on each of its five sides so that the visitor can read information about each period with ease. This guide, written by Dr R. L. Sherlock, summarises in a graphic way the evolution of life-forms down the ages.

Doctor Mack

Doctor Mack is home on holiday. He has been spending Christmas at Curbar near Sheffield, but we may be sure he has been thinking about England's oldest colony.

He is Dr H. J. A. MacDermott, 30 years a missionary in Newfoundland, known at the other side of the Atlantic as the Grenfell of Newfoundland, and, like Grenfell of Labrador, preacher and doctor too. Four years ago he retired from full-time service, but he still spends many months a year in the land to which he has devoted the best part of his life.

Newfoundland to Doctor Mack (as everyone there calls him) is a fascinating place; and though his life was never easy he found happiness there.

A Castle to Come Down

Near Gateshead stands Ravensworth Castle, now the property of Lord Ravensworth, who declares he can no longer afford to maintain it. For 20 years it has been empty, and it seems that the time has come for the building to be no more.

Yet it is not to disappear entirely, for new houses are to be built of its old stones. The castle will vanish, except for the two towers and the clock turret, but in its place will rise 30 houses; and though all the houses will be new their walls will have the old materials in them, and their woodwork will be old to begin with.

BRONZE PENNIES

Christmas again brought a big demand for new pennies and the Mint turned out millions.

Pennies are bright enough when newly minted, but use makes them as dirty to look upon as they are heavy to carry. Bank cashiers detest them. Why do we longer tolerate so inconvenient and unhealthy a coin? A nickel penny the size of a shilling with a hole in it would be unmistakable for any coin of higher value, even in the dark.

COTTON TO DEFEND ITSELF

The cotton trade is bestirring itself to meet competition.

It is pointed out that the exports of British cotton goods fell from £145,000,000 ten years ago to £68,000,000 last year, and are still falling. In the same ten years, owing to subsidies or low labour costs, Japan's exports have increased by over 1200,000,000 square yards, India's by 130,000,000 square yards, Germany's by 35,000,000 square yards, and Russia's by 160,000,000 square yards.

A Cotton Industry Enabling Bill has now been framed which aims at mobilising the resources of the trade to meet the organised bargaining power and the collective resources of foreign competitors.

PLUMBING THE HEIGHTS AND THE DEPTHS

Professor Piccard hopes to enjoy deep sea bathing next summer, if all is well.

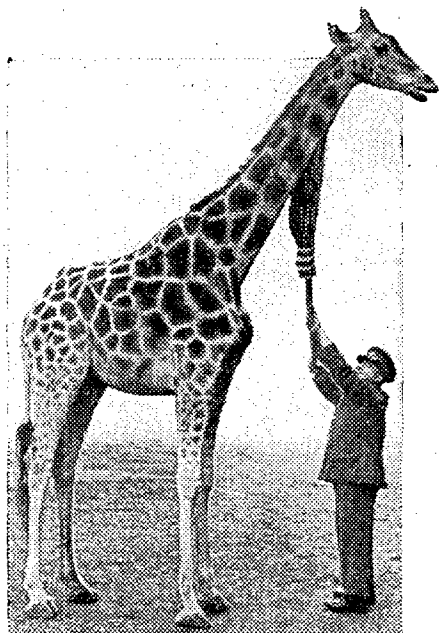
Famous for his pioneering of the upper air, he is now planning to go down 18,000 feet into the Atlantic Ocean, somewhere off the Canary Isles. At present he is busily experimenting with two diving spheres, one of aluminium weighing about five tons, and a steel one weighing about twenty. It is his hope that he will sink three miles below the surface, a depth which has never yet been reached by anyone who has lived to tell the story.

The mysteries of the hidden depths of ocean are waiting for man to explore, and there can be no doubt that work of the kind Professor Piccard is planning will add much to our knowledge of marine life. We may be sure we shall hear much more of Professor Piccard's plans before long.

AUSTRALIA STRIKES OIL

An extensive oil bed has been discovered in Australia. It is at Lake Entrance on the coast of Victoria, and is said to contain at least 150 million gallons of petroleum.

Search for oil has continued for 20 years. Since 1920, when the Government's prize of £10,000 for the discovery of petroleum oil was increased to £50,000, several strikes have been made, but the new discovery is the most important.



A morning bath for Maudie, the giraffe at the London Zoo

An Artist Under the Sea

This is an age of novelty, very often for novelty's sake, but an English artist has recently done something that has never been done before by an artist, with the cause of beauty as his excuse.

The artist is Mr Robert Gibbings, who is the first man to draw pictures under the sea.

He went out to the South Sea Islands, to Bermuda, and to Hurghada on the coast of the Red Sea and, donning a diver's helmet, walked on the sea-bed and drew on sheets of xylonite sketches of the amazingly beautiful fish which swam between his feet.

"It was like being in some pale cathedral lit by pale green glass," he

MIGHTY AMERICA

The preliminary report on the American Census of last July gives the population as 130,215,000.

The annual increase is still big, but is falling. It is now about 900,000 a year, but the birthrate is so low that the nation is failing to reproduce itself. Yet there are only 40 people to the square mile, so vast is the territory.

In the ten years up to 1890 the population of America increased by a quarter; in the ten years up to 1930 the increase was nearly 16 per cent.

MUNICH AND THE ROAD PEST

The Munich police are making war on drunken road-users, whether motorists, cyclists, or pedestrians. Displayed at conspicuous points in the city are placards with the names and addresses of people who have been found guilty of causing traffic accidents while under the influence of alcohol.

AFTER 68 YEARS

In view of certain happenings at Juvenile Courts it is difficult to believe that Mr Forster's great Education Act was passed 68 years ago.

At West Ham a boy aged 16 could not spell so simple a word as "keep." He made a shot by spelling it "kepp"; his second attempt was "keap." The chairman then tried him with please, which the boy spelled "pleas." As this boy was 16 he was born in 1922, 52 years after the Education Act.

It brings home to our minds the great gulf between the passing of a law and carrying it out.

RAILWAYS ARE SO YOUNG

Now that railways have so quickly to reform their methods, and are threatened with so much road competition through the invention of the internal-combustion engine, we may well recall how recently railways were first built.

The year 1839 will see the centenaries of important railway beginnings. On May 21, 1839, Newcastle and Carlisle were first joined by railway; on May 29, 1839, York got a railway to Leeds; on June 4, 1839, Nottingham and Derby were joined; on August 5, 1839, the Birmingham and Derby railways opened.

It is of special interest that it was in July 1839 that Cook and Wheatstone installed the electric telegraph on the Great Western at Paddington.

It was not until 1840 that passengers were able to travel by rail and sea from Euston to Glasgow and back, in a little over 24 hours. Through railway communication between London and Glasgow was not established until 1848.

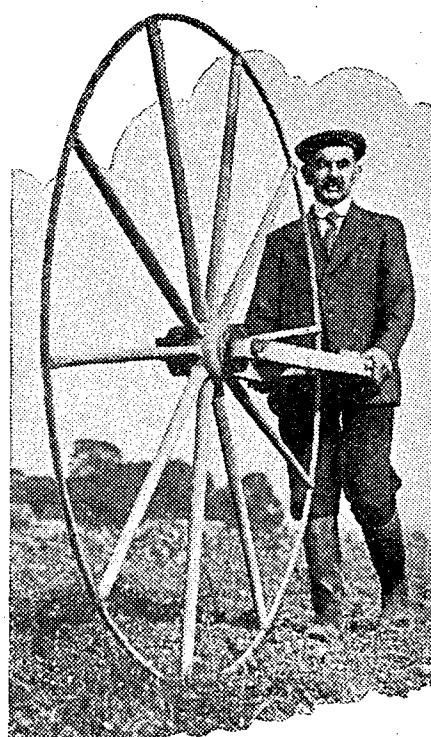
72 YEARS OF SUNDAYS

The village of Clent in Worcestershire is proud of Will Boughton. Clent has had its Boughtons a long time, and Mr Boughton may well boast of them, as the villagers boast about him, for he has been singing in the church choir for 72 years. At the age of 82 he is grey-haired, but loves to work in his garden six days a week, and to sing in the choir on the seventh.

says, describing his first descent. He was in danger of attacks from sharks and poison by the stonefish, which looks like a stone lying on the sand but can cause death if its little perpendicular spine penetrates the foot.

All around him swam fish, hundreds of them, of emerald green, purple, blue and yellow, pure gold, scarlet, or any other colour we like to think of, some of them darting here and there like humming birds in a tropical forest, others hovering like specks of dust glinting in a sunbeam.

Mr Gibbings has written a little six-penny book about it all, called Blue Angels and Whales.



An ancient land-measuring wheel still in use on a farm at St Peters, near Broadstairs

THE POLICEMAN IN THE AIR

Motorists driving to the New Year's Rose Bowl football game held in Pasadena, California, will be directed from the air! High above their heads will be the Chief of Police in an aeroplane. As nearly all cars in America are equipped with wireless he will issue instructions to all cars, for he will have a bird's-eye view of all the roads and will be able to see that the traffic does not become jammed at any place.

THE TREE STATUE

In 1781 a number of prisoners in the American War of Independence planted a tree. It was an elm, and it is now 60 feet high. Today Lawrence Stevens, a sculptor at South Windsor in Connecticut, is hard at work shaping the tree into a gigantic statue of the Creator, and with two other statues representing man and woman it is to be shown at New York's World Fair next year.

THE MICROPHONE REPORTER

New Zealand is ever in the van where social and industrial reform is concerned, and it is now proposed there to dispense with human reporters in the Law Courts and substitute microphones and a recording machine.

It is pointed out, however, that, while the microphone will record everything that is said, it cannot tell who says any particular thing; it would therefore be necessary to supplement the machinery by notes of the names of those speaking.

Voices differ, but not always sufficiently to enable a machine report to be analysed as to persons speaking. We have experience of this in broadcasts of plays or of a conference of a number of speakers; it often happens that we are not quite sure who says a particular thing.

THE BLUE BOOK SHOP

The State Blue Book shop in Kingsway does a roaring trade, and with its wholesale department makes a profit of £200,000 a year in relief of taxation.

Blue Books, as Government publications are familiarly termed, are not always so dry as is sometimes supposed. Many of them have huge circulations, and some have been known to sell in editions of 100,000 copies or more. The Stationery Office, which produces them, prints about 5000 different books and pamphlets every year.

Few people know that they can get the official report of Parliament as soon as they get their morning paper.

A MEAT BILL

We bought from overseas £85,000,000 worth of meat in 1937. That meant about £8 worth for every family in the land, or about 3s a week. At import price, that is; at retail shop price it meant much more. This fact reminds us how dependent we have become upon overseas supplies of food, and therefore on the ships which bring it to our ports.

A FARMHOUSE BELONGING TO HISTORY

A petition to Rochester Corporation is being signed asking them to preserve Temple Manor at Strood and to devote some of the acres round it as a green oasis among the factories which are spreading everywhere about.

Temple Manor is so-named because it was the property of the Knights Templars, and 12th century arches still support the ancient building. It has a crypt, and in a room above is some rare panelling, while ancient tiles have been inserted into a Jacobean mantelpiece.

For centuries a farmhouse, Temple Manor happily belongs to the City of Rochester, and it is to be hoped the local authorities will take steps to preserve this rare building as they have already preserved Rochester Castle.

Rochester belongs to History, and this fine old house would add to its already rich possessions.

BERLIN'S TUNNELS

A number of tunnels are being made under Berlin to accommodate motor-cars.

This is part of the great scheme of reconstruction on which Chancellor Hitler has set his heart. The tunnels are two-storied, with much room for cars or people, for it is not forgotten that Berlin may need air-raid shelters and that tunnels would perfectly serve the purpose of accommodating an enormous crowd.

RABBIT AND CAR RACE

A motorist in Canada had a jolly time with a rabbit the other night.

He was driving along a remote country road when he noticed that he was not alone. A young rabbit, probably attracted by the headlights, was keeping him company by running beside the car, which was going about 25 miles an hour!

For a mile Master Rabbit kept up the pace, and then the driver stopped, turned off the lights, and waited to see if his little friend would go home. But he could not see him anywhere, so he started up the engine and went on, only to find the rabbit a few hundred yards farther on.

This time the motorist went a little faster, about 32 miles an hour, and was surprised when the rabbit, which was only about a year old, kept up the pace for another mile. Then, going still faster, the man passed his four-footed friend, and saw that he was still going strong after running for two miles.

THE SHOES ON THE HOOKS

A curious piece of news came out during the discussion about a will at Manchester Assizes the other day.

From a kitchen ceiling hung twelve pieces of string with hooks on the end, to which were attached a dozen pairs of boots. What was the meaning of this? It was stated that it is a custom in Chorley to keep cockroaches at bay!

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

DECEMBER 31 1938

?

A WITTY French writer regrets to discover one thing among his people. It is becoming less and less popular to put sentences in the form of direct questions.

He thinks people are becoming too lazy; but it is even more serious if they cease to ask plain questions because they do not want to show their ignorance. It is certainly true that if we ask a question we do admit that we do not know something. This great French writer, M. Duhamel, thinks the man of the twentieth century will rarely admit his ignorance—"He is cocksure about everything."

Well, well! We have not noticed as yet any falling-off in the questions which are put to us by our very young friends. They still say Why? What? How? as we used to do. When we are with them we cannot escape. They ask us more questions in five minutes than we can answer in a year.

But it may be true that when we grow up we do not ask questions so readily. We may be afraid to give ourselves away; and we shall never get very far in our studies if we are afraid of being thought ignorant. If we say outright Who was Milton? we make it plain that we do not know who he was and what he wrote. It may be very ignorant on our part, but at least we shall end our ignorance. If we ask What is radium? our friends may laugh at us, but we shall be in the way of learning.

To ask direct questions is the way to knowledge. Education means learning to ask the right questions. The world is full of answers, only we must put the questions first, and the right questions.

Columbus and all the explorers were not afraid to use the mark of interrogation; nor was Newton and all the men of science who sailed ahead of others over unknown seas. If man had never seen a great? over his world he would never have entered into the wonders of this temple of beauty and loveliness which is our dwelling-place. Man might have been a cave-dweller still if he had never asked questions.

But are they all answered now? Not a bit of it. There are countless answers still waiting for those who will put the right questions. Think for a moment. If we had been writing only fifty years ago we should not have known what radium was. Madame Curie and her husband had not yet heard the answer; but they were putting questions.

We must not be too lazy or too cowardly to ask questions.

NEW YEAR, BE GOOD TO ENGLAND

**Bid Her Name Shine Sunlike as of
Old on All the Sea**

Make strong her soul: set all her spirit free

If England to Itself do Rest but True

This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound
itself.

Come the three corners of the world in
arms,

And we shall shock them. Naught
shall make us rue,

If England to itself do rest but true.
Shakespeare

Were All Thy Children Kind!

O England, model to thy inward
greatness,

Like little body with a mighty heart,
What mightst thou do, that honour
would thee do,

Were all thy children kind and natural!
Shakespeare

With God and With the Seas

Let us be backed with God and with
the seas

Which He hath given for fence
impregnable,

And with their helps only defend
ourselves:

In them and in ourselves our safety
lies.
Shakespeare

I See Her as an Eagle

Methinks I see in my mind a noble
and puissant nation rousing herself
like a strong man after sleep, and
shaking her invincible locks. Me-
thinks I see her as an eagle renewing
her mighty youth, and kindling her
undazzled eyes at the full midday
beam; purging and unscaling her
long-abused sight at the fountain
itself of heavenly radiance; while the
whole noise of timorous and flocking
birds, with those also that love the
twilight, flutter about, amazed. Milton

Till Danger's Troubled Night Depart

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn,
Till danger's troubled night depart
And the star of peace return.

Thomas Campbell

It is Not to be Thought of

It is not to be thought of that the flood
Of British freedom...

Should perish; and to evil and to good
Be lost for ever. In our halls is hung
Armoury of the invincible knights of
old;

We must be free or die, who speak
the tongue

That Shakespeare spake; the faith
and morals hold

Which Milton held. Wordsworth

With All Thy Faults I Love Thee Still

England, with all thy faults, I love
thee still,

My country, and while yet a nook is
left

Where English minds and manners
may be found

Shall be constrained to love thee...
Praise enough

To fill the ambition of a private man
That Chatham's language was his
mother-tongue,

And Wolfe's great name compatriot
with his own. Wordsworth

The City Fair Shall Rise

Comfort, O free and true!
Soon shall there rise for you

A City fairer far than all ye plan;
Built on a rock of strength,

It shall arise at length,
Stately and fair and vast, the City

meet for Man!

Now, while days come and go,
Doth the fair City grow,

Surely its stones are laid in sun and
moon.

Wise men and pure prepare
Ever this City fair.

Comfort, O ye that weep; it shall
arise full soon. Robert Buchanan

O Statesmen, Guard Us

O Statesmen, guard us, guard the eye,
the soul

Of Europe, keep our noble England
whole,

And save the one true seed of freedom
sown

Betwixt a people and their ancient
throne.

For, saving that, ye help to save
mankind

Till public wrong be crumbled into
dust,

And drill the raw world for the march
of mind,

Till crowds at length be sane, and
crowns be just. Tennyson

Thy Work is Thine

O thou... rejoice with liberal joy,
Lift up thy rocky face,

And shatter, when the storms are
black,

In many a streaming torrent back,
The seas that shock thy base!

Whatever harmonies of law
The growing world assume,

Thy work is thine. The single note
From that deep chord which Hampden

smote
Will vibrate to the doom. Tennyson

Still More Majestic Thou Shalt Rise

The nations not so blessed as thee
Must in their turns to tyrants fall,

While thou shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.

Still more majestic thou shalt rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke,

As the loud blast that tears the skies
Serves but to root thy native oak.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;
All their attempts to bend thee down

Will but arouse thy generous flame
To work their woe and thy renown.

James Thomson

Peter Puck Wants To Know

If timber merchants
like a good deal

As You Read History

By the Archbishop of York

As you read the history of your
own and other countries, try to
take the standpoint of the others as
well as of your own, especially when
you read the history of wars.

Try to realise how Frenchmen must
have regarded our Henry the Fifth,
and remember what it means that we
have put up a statue of Joan of Arc
in Winchester Cathedral. Try to ap-
preciate the enrichment of life that is
open to us all through the fact that
other people are different from our-
selves, and be grateful for the peculiar
gifts of Germans, and Italians, and
Russians, as these are made available
to us in their art and literature.

If you have the chance, travel
abroad; mix with the people of the
other country as much as you can.
Above all, do not say that all you can
do is too little to make any difference.
Do not say "What I can do to estab-
lish justice, goodwill, and peace on
earth is negligible," for if you say
that, and stop there, peace will vanish
from the world.

Fairplay for the Lighthouse

In these days of wireless communica-
tion it is surprising to learn that
the keeper of Eddystone Lighthouse
only 14 miles from Plymouth, may be
in distress without means to communi-
cate with the outside world save by
flashings by handlamps. Would it
not be well to repair this deficiency?
A lighthouse should be as ready to
send an S O S as a ship.

**New Year, What Have You
To Give Me?**

New Year met me somewhat sad:
Old Year leaves me tired.
Stripped of favourite things I had,
Balked of much desired:
Yet farther on my road today
God willing, farther on my way.

New Year coming on apace
What have you to give me?
Bring you scathe or bring you grace,
Face me with an honest face;
You shall not deceive me:
Be it good or ill, be it what you will,
It needs shall help me on my road,
My rugged way to heaven, please God.
Christina Rossetti

Peace

At a time when the world is scarred
by wars and still afraid because
of rumours of wars it is well to recall
20 words written by Francis Bacon:

*Peace is better than war because in
peace the sons bury their fathers, but in
war fathers bury their sons.*

They Had Met Before

At Ypres in 1917 an Australian
soldier was wounded in the leg.

The other day in Melbourne, 21
years later, he had the leg amputated
by a German surgeon who was serving
in the artillery exactly opposite the
Australian's division, so that his gun
may have fired the shell that wounded
the Australian!

ANCESTOR OF EVERY RULER IN EUROPE

Except King Zog

One of the pathetic events of the year now ending has been the virtual disappearance from the map of independent nations of the little country of Bohemia.

It is remarkable to realise that the British princess who was once its queen was the ancestor of every crowned ruler in Europe today except King Zog. It came about through the marriage of Elizabeth, daughter of James the First, to Frederick the Fifth, the prince who was made King of Bohemia.

The Only Protestant Stuart

It would need many columns of the C.N. to give the tables of the descent from Queen Elizabeth of Bohemia of all the royal rulers of Europe, but briefly it can be explained by the fact that she was the mother of the Sophia who married George, Elector of Hanover, and was summoned to the throne of England because she was the only Stuart who was still a Protestant. Thus did the Georges come to reign over us, and it is the marriage of their descendants into German families that made George the First and Sophia the ancestors of eight living rulers.

The other three European sovereigns trace their descent from Elizabeth through her Roman Catholic son Charles, Count Palatine, whose daughter Charlotte married Philip of Orleans, and was the grandmother of the Emperor Francis the First. From Francis and his more famous wife Maria Theresa descended another Maria Theresa who was the mother of Victor Emanuel, made by Garibaldi the first King of modern Italy.

Thus it has come about that the present King of Italy, who bears his grandfather's honoured name, can, like our own King George, trace back to King Alfred through two unhappy Queens: Elizabeth of Bohemia and Mary Queen of Scots.

The Thirty Years' War

Mary's tragic story we all know, but the tragedy of Elizabeth's life is not so familiar. Married at 16 to Frederick the Fifth, she went to live at Heidelberg. Five years later Frederick, being a leader of the Protestants, was chosen by the Bohemians as their King. The choice was the cause of the awful 'Thirty Years' War in which Roman Catholics and Protestants almost made Central Europe a wilderness. A year and a day after Elizabeth was crowned at Prague her husband lost a battle and his throne, with the result that the Winter King and Queen, as they were called, were flying from place to place in poverty, eventually finding shelter in Holland, where Frederick died in 1632, leaving her with sons and daughters who left her for the Church of Rome. Sophia, the youngest, kept her faith, and so did Rupert and Maurice, the famous leaders of Charles Stuart's armies in our Civil War.

Very poor and lonely, Elizabeth stayed in Holland till the Restoration, when our Parliament voted her £10,000 to enable her to pay her Dutch creditors and follow Charles the Second to London. There, two years later, this long-suffering Queen passed away, and was laid to rest in Westminster Abbey.

At the Foot of Niagara

A little cocker spaniel spent a very miserable 24 hours not long ago, trapped on a rock at the foot of Niagara Falls. No one knows how it managed to get there; either it must have been carried over the falls or have fallen over the steep cliff. Never did a dog look more grateful than this spaniel did when it was rescued, none the worse after its terrifying experience.

The Rea' Trouble With Italy

WI AT SHE WANTS

ACTING on the principle that it is advisable to ask or more than you can get in order to get some of it, Italy engineered a popular agitation for the handing over to her of French Corsica, French Nice, and French Tunis, to strengthen her claims for a bigger share in the management of the Suez Canal and the Jibuti Railway.

The Jibuti Railway runs from Jibuti, the port in French Somaliland between Eritrea and British Somaliland, to Addis Ababa, the capital of Abyssinia. It is a very poor railway but the only one opening up Abyssinia, which otherwise has to depend on traffic on its roads for what it imports or tries to export. The Italians have improved the roads, but when they try to improve the old-fashioned railway they come against the blank wall of French indifference to their needs.

The Jibuti Railway

The railway runs from the port of Jibuti, which the French made 50 years ago and which looks its age. It was begun eight years after the port and its 486 miles of track were completed in a year. It is a single line of metre gauge, and has few competitors for slowness. When one of the steamers of the Messageries Maritimes arrives at the port a train may be run up to Addis Ababa in two days. Ordinarily the journey is made in three, and for fear of accidents the trains only run in daylight, when an average speed of about 12 miles an hour is obtained.

In spite of these faults about 22,000 tons of imports a year and 28,000 tons of exports were carried by it before the Italian invasion; but since then traffic has dropped, though railway rates have not, and the French owners of the line do not seem to be inclined to do anything about it. That is the Italian grievance, and it is one that will probably be considered.

The situation at Suez is different. The Suez Canal, which runs for 87 miles, 21 through the Bitter Lakes, from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea, is the property of the Suez Canal Company, and was opened 70 years ago. The value of its shares was estimated at that time as about £8,000,000 and Lord

Beaconsfield, acting for the British Government, bought half of them from the Khedive of Egypt and so acquired what was practically a controlling interest in the canal.

That, although a satisfactory arrangement for Great Britain, was not in accord with international ideas then or afterwards, and consequently an agreement was entered into fifty years ago by Great Britain, Germany, Austria, Spain, France, Italy, Holland, Russia, and Turkey, by which the canal "should be free and open in time of war as in time of peace to every vessel of commerce or of war without distinction of flag."

That being so, all talk of closing the canal to any nation is nonsense. That is not Italy's grievance, or part of her claim. Her claim is that the canal dues, which may amount to as much as £1000 for a single vessel, are excessive and oppressive, and that the management of the canal as well as its control should be internationalised instead of being left to the Suez Canal shareholders.

France as well as Great Britain would be asked to agree, but it will have to be remembered that, though they are the chief shareholders in the canal, it does not belong to them, and Egypt, to whom it must at some time revert, must be consulted before alterations are made.

The Suez Canal Dues

In the last year for which figures are available, British tonnage through the canal was 15,000,000 tons, French 1,600,000 tons, Italian 6,000,000 tons, and German 3,000,000 tons. Great Britain therefore pays most, and as a maritime nation would have nothing to lose by a reduction of the Canal dues, though the Canal Company and its British shareholders might complain.

But what is to be remembered is that the Italian proposal assumes that Italy is interested in the idea of international cooperation. The advantage she is now seeking can only come by the application of the principle of good-neighbourliness which Signor Mussolini so often scorns.

May we not hope that the Suez Canal question may be settled as part of a settlement of problems all round at an international Conference for getting the world straight?

A Government Outside Parliament

MANY people in these days are puzzled by the different views expressed in America by members of the Federal Government, for often they do not seem to think alike.

It is difficult for us to realise that, whereas our Prime Minister and the members of his Government are all Members of Parliament, in America the Government is outside Parliament.

The President of the United States, who is his own Prime Minister (although he has no power to introduce a measure into Congress), is not a member of Parliament, nor, indeed, is any member of his Cabinet.

Ups and Downs of Work

STEEL is "up" again, which is good news.

The British Iron and Steel Federation tells us that in November the make of crude steel rose to 860,000 tons, 5200 better than in October.

Our output of steel is much bigger now than before the war. In 1913 the average monthly output was no more than 638,000 tons.

It is one of the ironies of our civilisation that the noblest work suffers most cruelly from irregularity. Iron and steel offer only one example of many; we can imagine what a difference to employment is implied in a fall from 1,178,300 tons of steel a month to

860,000 tons; there are now 40,000 iron and steel men out of work, facing the coming year on the unemployment benefit.

So with ships. No nobler trade exists, yet we have so poor a present output that 40,000 shipbuilders and ship-repairers have nothing to do.

It is good to know that the Iron and Steel Federation has decided to lower prices. Shipbuilders and many important trades will be helped by cheaper materials, which in its turn should increase the orders for metal. Also it should help our export trade. It is remarkable that our engineers have not yet recovered their lost oversea trade.

THE BIG BASKETS THAT FEED US

Not Enough of Them

One great shipowner is suggesting that Britain should build 1000 merchant ships to secure our safety in war.

Another makes the suggestion that old ships should be reconditioned and formed into a reserve for the same object of defence.

Not many years ago our shipowners scoffed at the idea of Government interference; now they demand State aid.

The facts of the case are serious. Lloyd's records show that whereas in 1914 British merchant ships aggregated 18,900,000 gross tons (42 per cent of the world's shipping), in 1938 they had fallen to 17,700,000 tons (26 per cent). British ships fell by 1,200,000 tons while tonnage abroad increased by 21,500,000 tons. The overwhelming preponderance of British shipping has disappeared in 25 years. In the same time the number of United Kingdom ships fell by 1684.

A Grave Menace

This striking decline results from a combination of the fall in aggregate tonnage and an increase in the average size of ships. Moreover, our merchant shipping included in 1938 no fewer than 410 oil tankers, useless for general cargo purposes. If we leave these out of account the number of vessels available for general cargo and passenger purposes is now about 2000 less than when the Great War began.

From the point of view of securing the safety of British supplies in war the decline in the number of our cargo carriers amounts to a grave menace.

Few people realise how small is the number of ocean-going ships of over 4000 gross tons. The number is only 1530, with a total gross tonnage of 10,800,000, the average being roundly 7000 tons. Such is the small number of big baskets which feed us; such is the thread on which the life of our millions depends. No other land lives upon so precarious a tenure.

There is an acute shortage of seamen, which cannot readily be made good, for it takes much longer to make a deck officer than to build a ship. Seamen, navigating officers, engineer officers, wireless operators, all are in short supply. Apart from Asiatics, British seamen have decreased by a fifth since 1914.

Fewer Fishermen

The losses of the fishing industry since 1918 have also been serious, depriving the nation of ships and men invaluable in war. In 1913 Britain had 348,000 fishing boats and 99,000 fishermen; now she has about 278,000 fishing boats and 59,000 fishermen. In war the personnel of the Royal Navy needs to be doubled; it is a little difficult to see where sufficient and efficient seafaring men are to be found for the purpose.

Said Queen Elizabeth, "To multiply ships and to lack marines is to set up armour on the sea coast and provide no men to man it, or to build castles and to put no soldiers in them."

Here is the latest item of shipbuilding news. The fine south shipyard of Harland and Wolff at Belfast is now empty for the first time for several years and the firm have no orders in hand. Almost as remarkable is the fact that Cammell Laird's have not received an order for a merchant ship since 1937.

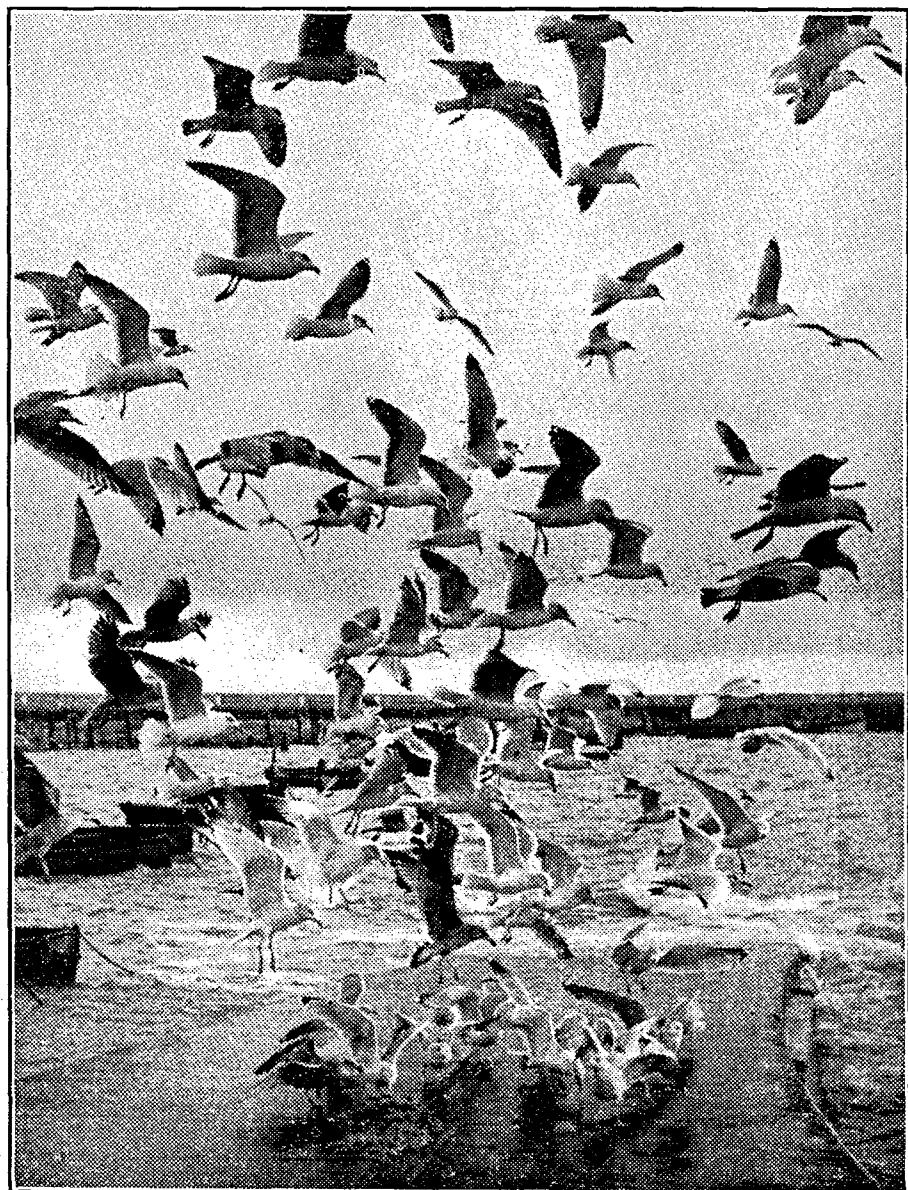
Little Green Door

For 30 years everyone who has been to Bermuda has had a cup of tea at the teashop called the Little Green Door at Hamilton, and had a word with Miss Tucker about the excellence of her cinnamon toast, nut bread, and marmalade. Now they will no longer be able to go through the little green door, for Miss Tucker is retiring. Among the many celebrities who had tea there was Mark Twain.



SCHOOL RUGGER

Stowe School has had a remarkable Rugby season, including a victory over Radley College of 67 points to nil. Stowe players are shown jumping for the ball during a practice line-out



CLOUD OF WINGS

Gulls scrambling for scraps thrown out from Ramsgate fish market

PATRICK PRUNTY'S To Be Remembered

A MEMORIAL to three Yorkshire sisters is to be placed in Westminster Abbey; the three struggling daughters of Patrick Prunty are to be remembered among our kings.

It is one of the most pathetic stories in the history of humanity, beginning near Land's End and ending in a Yorkshire graveyard. It begins with a tiny lady who got into the stage coach at Penzance one day in 1812. She never saw her home again.

Little Maria Branwell met a tall, tough, masterful man named Patrick Brontë. He spelled it that way when Nelson was made Duke of Brontë, but his father was plain Prunty, a poor Irish farmer with ten children. A kindly clergyman helped Patrick to become first a village schoolmaster and then a Cambridge graduate.

Six Motherless Children

He met this little Cornishwoman and insisted on marrying her; they were married at once, Patrick Prunty being then a curate. The Yorkshire moors looked fair and friendly that summer. They looked dark and cruel eight years later when she was dying in Haworth's gloomy vicarage, leaving six delicate children behind her. When the homesick woman was carried to her grave in the churchyard next door her husband got Aunt Elizabeth Branwell to come from Cornwall to keep house.

The children had no friends except each other and the moor. When the sun shone on its flowers the six could be seen hand-in-hand setting off for a long, lonely ramble on the heath. But northern winters are long. Snow blots out road and moor, sometimes killing men and cattle. Then the little Brontës had no cheerful nursery with toys and fairy-tales to delight them. A small room over the hall, without a fireplace, was called their study, and there the eldest would read the newspaper to the younger ones. They read grown-up books, and on every scrap of paper they could find they wrote novels, magazines, and dramas.

The Fame of Haworth

Their names were Maria, born 1813, Elizabeth 1815, Charlotte 1816, Branwell 1817, Emily 1818, and Anne 1820. The last four were born in Thornton. Not one lived to be forty, yet in their short lives they found a fame which will draw people to the gloomy parsonage at Haworth as long as England lasts.

The Brontës did not know their lives were unchildlike, and they were well content under the care of Maria, the little mother, till the four eldest girls went to school. It was the school described in *Jane Eyre*, a semi-charitable affair for the children of poor clergymen. It lay low, the food was very bad, and on Sundays, even in the winter, the girls tramped to an unwarmed church where they spent the day, eating a cold dinner in the gallery between services.

Soon they were ailing. But worst of all was the fact that one of the mistresses took a dislike to Maria, and her little sisters had to look on helpless while the child was bullied and ill-used.

At last even her tormentor could see that she was dying, and Mr Brontë was summoned to take her home. She was laid next to her mother; and in the same year Elizabeth was sent home to die. They were eleven and ten years old. After a while Emily and Charlotte were found to be delicate; and they too were sent home.

Then Charlotte was happy at Roe-head School, but Emily grew ill with homesickness whenever she left the moors, and had to be sent home. Charlotte and Anne were tiny creatures, vivacious and shy. Emily was taller and not shy, but was reserved. She sought no friends except the moor. In secret she wrote poetry. Anne was the prettiest, with her violet eyes and light brown ringlets. Charlotte had several proposals of marriage, but no one knows if Emily had a lover, for she would never speak. We only know that she did many household tasks to help old Tabby, the maid, that she was adored by her dog, that she fell ill whenever she left the moors, and that after she was dead they found in her desk one of the most majestic and sublime poems in the world's treasurehouse.

As for the only boy, his sisters thought he was going to be a great painter. So they all sought posts as governesses that there might be the money for his training.

None of them was happy. Charlotte went at first to look after some spoiled children, who one day threw stones at her and hurt her severely. Next day the mother asked how she got the mark on her forehead, and she replied with a smile that it was an accident, thereby winning the hearts of the little culprits.

Charlotte in Brussels

"I love you, Miss Brontë!" exclaimed the baby one day. His lady mother was shocked, and cried, "Love the governess, my dear!"

At last Charlotte hit on a new idea for making a living. They would start a school for girls. Then the three devoted sisters could be reunited. But everyone said they must be able to teach foreign languages before they could coax pupils to Haworth parsonage, so Aunt Branwell lent the money and Charlotte and Emily went to the Pensionnat Héger in Brussels.

Here Charlotte spent about two years, 1842 to 1844, first as a pupil and then as a teacher of English while she continued to study languages and literature under M. Héger, whom we meet in her books.



EMILY: 1818-1848

CHARLOTTE

Newspaper

THREE DAUGHTERS

Among Our Kings

Homesick Emily returned to keep house. Her aunt was dead, Anne was a governess, and Tabby was an old cripple. Miss Branwell had said that Tabby ought to go and live with her kinsmen, but the Brontë girls would not let the old servant be turned out. They refused to eat till Mr Brontë said she should stay. Then they did her work and nursed her.

When at last they felt ready to open their school they found that it was impossible to turn the parsonage into a seminary because Branwell had become a drunken wastrel. Far from becoming a great painter, he had become the boon companion of the village inn. The horizon was dark indeed. Mr Brontë was going blind, and Branwell was disgraced. He refused to work. He took opium. He drank until he was mad. One night he set his bed on fire and was rescued by Emily, his one friend.

Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell

Again it was Charlotte who had an idea: they would publish a book. She had discovered a notebook filled with Emily's poems, and thought them splendid. Emily was furious with her sister for having read them, and it was hours before she would forgive her. Then Anne said that Charlotte could see her poems. "We all write poems," said Charlotte; "let us have them printed in one volume." So Poems by Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell appeared in 1846. It cost the poor girls £31 and only two copies were sold.

Undismayed, the brave sisters set about writing novels, and soon publishers were being offered The Professor by Currer Bell, Wuthering Heights by Ellis Bell, and Agnes Grey by Acton Bell. As no one would look at The Professor Charlotte started Jane Eyre. It was accepted and became famous, and it brought £500 to the happy writer. Charlotte was then 31 and looked a mere country cousin, yet she wrote a novel which seemed to most people the work of a man of the world. Wuthering Heights and Agnes Grey were published that year, and next year Anne also published The Tenant of Wildfell Hall. Her publisher pretended that it was by the author of Jane Eyre, and Charlotte and Anne decided they must go to London to clear the matter up. The publishers had thought Currer Bell a man.

One member of the firm, Mr W. S. Williams, had known Keats and Hazlitt. He became Charlotte's good

friend, but promised to keep her secret, and back went the sisters home.

Mr Brontë was astonished and delighted at the success of Jane Eyre. Branwell never knew of it. His wretched life came to an end in 1848.

In two months Emily followed him, at 30, and the next spring Anne faded away at 29. Charlotte was left alone of the six children who had shared their dreams in the little study.

In her desk Charlotte found Emily's famous Last Lines, the dying words that shook Matthew Arnold's soul "like a clarion blast." He said after reading them that her spirit knew no fellow for might, passion, vehemence, grief, daring, since Byron died.

In Literary Circles

The world seemed now to do its best to console the last of the family. Jane Eyre, Shirley, and Villette brought her fame, money, and delightful friends. She was invited to London, and she met as equals Thackeray, Dickens, Matthew Arnold, Harriet Martineau, and Mrs Gaskell.

Charlotte paid visits to these brilliant circles, but she continued to live in the house of sorrowful memories with her old father, and Tabby, and a younger servant.

One winter evening Arthur Nicholls, the father's curate, came into the dining-room where Charlotte sat alone and, trembling from head to foot, asked her to marry him. She promised to give him an answer next day, and her father said the answer must be No. Thereupon Nicholls decided to leave the parish. But after a year old Mr Brontë found that he could not endure the new curate. He wanted trusty Nicholls back, the man who had worked with him nine years. So Nicholls was allowed to marry Charlotte on condition that they lived in the parsonage.

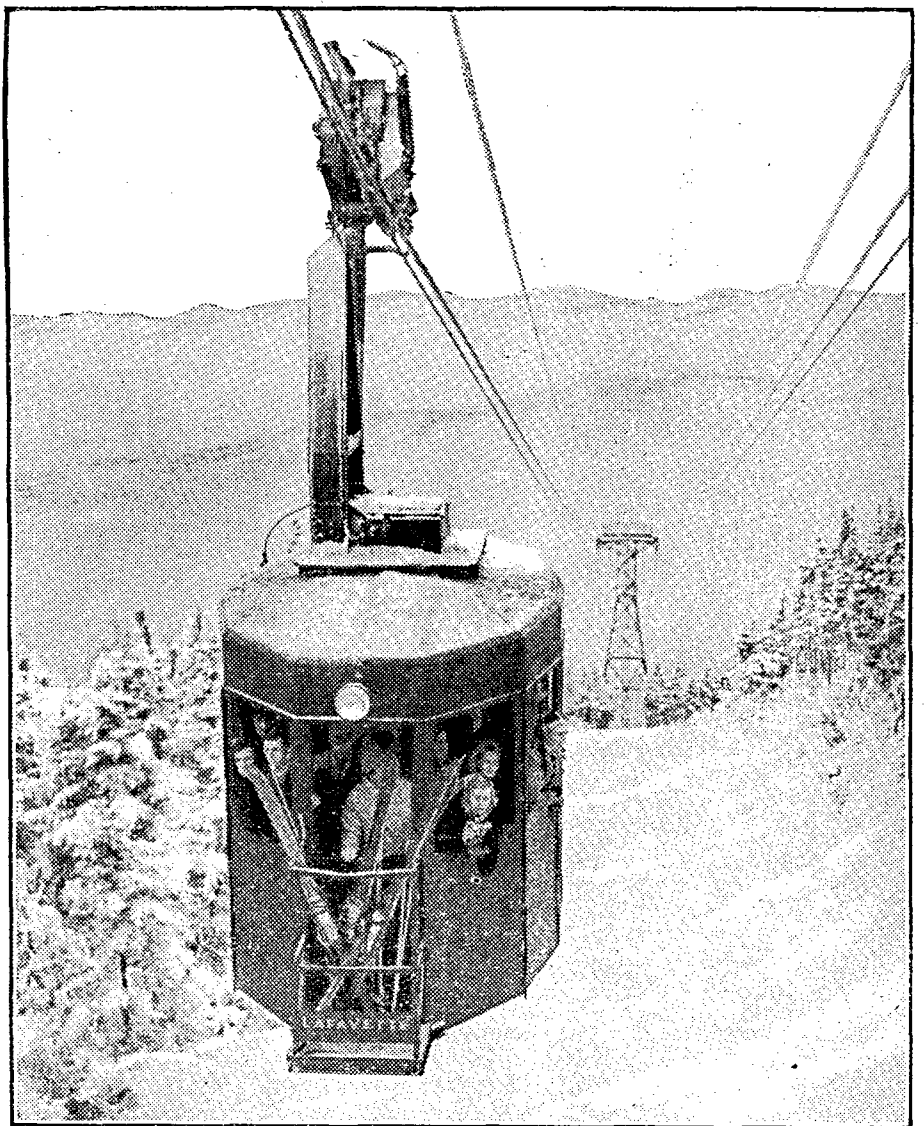
The villagers said Charlotte looked like a snowdrop when she was married (on June 29, 1854) in a white muslin dress, a white lace mantle, and a bonnet trimmed with green leaves. Snowdrops are short-lived flowers. She did not last long—hardly another year. Her last words were a whisper to her bridegroom, "I am not going to die, am I? He won't separate us—we have been so happy."

A Tragic Family

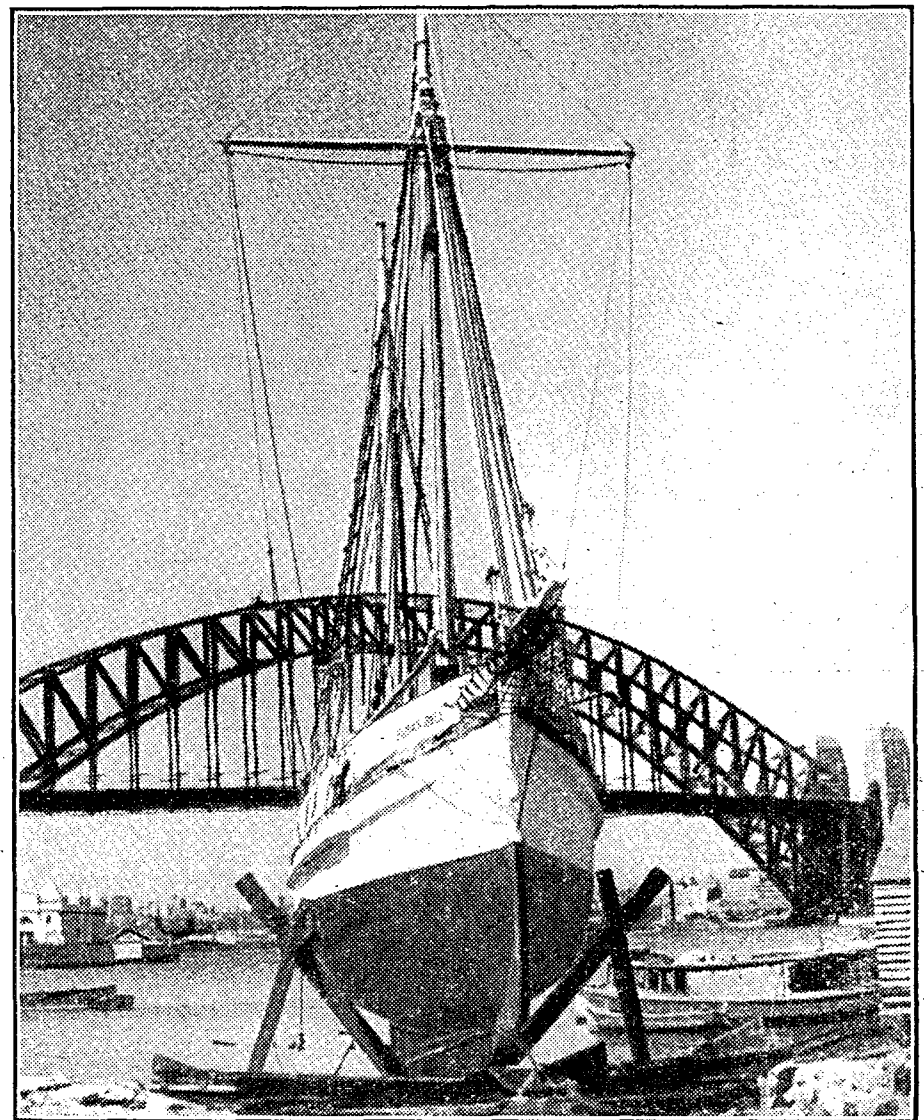
Almost at the dawn of that great happiness, almost her first happiness on earth, Charlotte was taken away. Happiness was not for the Brontës. Courage, brilliance, and loyalty they had, and fame, but happiness danced out of their grasp like a sunbeam.

Patrick Brontë lived six years after Charlotte's death. Forty years after the Brontës came to Haworth the whole eight of them were dead.

If they had not been brought up in that stone-floored house with graves all round them the Brontë sisters might have known long life and happiness instead of fame. But out of their sufferings came the strength that made their books. We cannot tell whether they would rather have been happy than great.



A MOUNTAIN RIDE Winter sports enthusiasts going by aerial tramway to the head of the ski run on Cannon Mountain in New Hampshire, U S A



IN HARBOUR The Susan Bell, seen here being refitted near Sydney Harbour Bridge, was used in the old days to take fresh water out to sailing ships visiting Sydney



EMILY: 1816-1855

ANNE: 1820-1849

FROM ONE CHILD TO ANOTHER

Something You Can Do For Spain

Something must be done for the unfortunate children in Spain. Something can be done.

Here is a way, and one that may appeal to boys and girls in England who at this happy season of the year would like to feed a hungry child in Spain or give one shivering in the bitter Spanish winter something to keep the poor little thing warm. There are many Spanish children in peril of perishing of cold and hunger.

If any C.N. reader will write to Señor Don Fernandez Shaw, at the Spanish Consulate, 21 Cavendish Square, London, W.1, and ask him for the name of such a child, he will send a list. From it you can pick a name, and from now onwards the child becomes to you a real person, who can thank you, and whose photograph you may even see.

This is the child to whom you can be the friend in need. You can send to him through the Consul a parcel containing condensed milk, lard, soup cubes, beans, sugar, rice, meat, and other things. There are two specimen parcels, one costing six shillings, the other twelve.

If a postal order to the amount of either of these sums is sent to the Consul he will do the rest.

Twelve shillings, or even six, may seem a lot of money to part with at a time, even though the money-box is fuller than usual with the gifts of uncles and aunts; but if twelve English children clubbed together and gave sixpence each a food parcel would very soon be on its way to Spain, and those who paid for it out of their pocket-money would be able to picture to themselves the joy of little Juan or tiny Dolores receiving it.

There are other ways of helping the helpless and innocent sufferers of Spain, threatened from the sky every day of their lives, but threatened still more by starvation. But this is one of the surer ways, and it seems to reach a hand across the sea to clasp another open wide.

A happy new year to you who help, and a happy one to Spain.

The Coal Boat

No one would think, to look at the old Amokura lying alongside Queen's Wharves in Wellington, New Zealand, that this grimy hulk had ever done anything but carry coal.

But 32 years ago she lay in Sydney Harbour, not an old hulk but the smart gunboat Sparrow. She was bought by the New Zealand Government and turned into a training ship for Naval Volunteers, and, rechristened the Amokura, for the next 20 years she belonged to youth and many were the lads who trained aboard her. Now she spends her days in a very different way—carrying coal.

How Napoleon Missed Australia

AUSTRALIA is much in the news; she is aiming at bringing her constitution more in keeping with the Motherland's. That Motherland might have been France, not England.

We all know how the gallant French navigator La Pérouse failed by a few hours in 1788 to gain the continent, arriving to find that the first English settlement had cast anchor and run up the British flag ashore just before his arrival. It is less generally known that twelve years later Napoleon sent out an armed expedition to seize Australia for France.

He had had with him on his Egyptian expedition the two volumes written by Captain Cook, and was fired by reading them with the idea of creating a French Empire in the South. So he fitted out a little fleet under Commodore Baudin which, with 23 scientists on board, sailed to seize the island continent.

There were no electric cables, no wireless, no steam mail ships bringing swift news in those days, and Napoleon imagined that we had only a tiny settlement for transported convicts near Sydney, so his expedition was to seize the whole continent.

Cook had been allowed to sail as a scientific explorer unchallenged by the French warships of Louis the Sixteenth,

so, as this expedition of Napoleon's was described as scientific, the Admiralty issued instructions that our cruisers should treat it with equal courtesy, and freely it sailed, unhurt.

The ships reached Australia without hindrance, but were surprised to find that we had a strong military establishment both on the mainland and on Van Dieman's Land, so there could be no question of open seizure; but they did some excellent secret mapping, and, without proclaiming their purpose, named South Australia Napoleon Land, a name by which it still stands on some French maps.

Some of the names they gave to other Australian points of vantage we have preserved; we still use their names for Cape Berrouilli, Cape Gauthaume, the Bay of Rivoli, Bay of Lacedpede, and the Freycinet Peninsula. But they made no settlement; wherever they went an English ship of war followed them, and they sailed home with their secret schemes and charts to report to Napoleon, whom Nelson kept too busy for any further development of the plan to make Australia French.

But until Waterloo the project was always in his mind, and but for Waterloo Australia would probably now be owing allegiance to France.

Do You See the World or a Part of It?

NOT many of us cultivate observation, and the failure to see very much of what comes before our eyes is a great loss. Many people go through life realising only a fraction of its interest.

In many of his illusions a conjuror relies on this lack of observation. He knows how easy it is to distract attention from what he is really doing. He easily compels the average person to take the card he is desired to take while believing that he is making a free choice from those held out to him. He can make a big audience turn their heads one way at a given moment to conceal his action from them.

It was lack of observation that held back the progress of science for ages. Millions had known steam before anyone observed that it was a great force asking to be used. Millions had drawn sparks from a cat's back without being curious about it before somebody realised that electricity was there.

Well Meant

We hear that a telephone manager has been writing to a member of a Chinese colony in his area. Remembering that the Orientals delight in flowery language, and wishing to establish cordial relations between the public and the telephone service, he finished his letter with the words, "May heaven preserve you always."

In his reply the courteous Chinaman wrote, "May God pickle you too."

In courts of law, witnesses are rarely to be wholly depended on; if they try to tell the truth their imperfect observation betrays them. William Moulton Marsden, an American psychologist, staged an incident before 18 witnesses to test observation. He got a young Texan to enter a room and to hand him a yellow telegram envelope. Then Mr Marsden opened the envelope and read the telegram, and while he did so the Texan drew a big knife with a six-inch blade and opened it, facing the 18 witnesses. Strange as it may appear, not one of the 18, when afterwards questioned on what they had seen, mentioned the knife; they had all been looking at the telegram.

The average person can easily train himself to observe accurately, learning how to judge distances, how to make mental photographs, how to form an accurate judgment. It is all a matter of exercising our common faculties.

Baby's Name

A curious bureau exists in the Brooklyn district of New York to help parents to find a name for Baby. There is an ever-growing population of foreign people who come to the land of liberty as refugees or to seek better means of livelihood, and many of these seek the help of the bureau, often choosing, however, the most unsuitable names for their babies, especially in the case of the coloured people.

A MAN AND HIS HUSKIES

A 9000-Mile Trip

Four husky dogs are on the last lap of a 9000-mile round trip in North America.

Their next stop is London, not Smoky London, which a Cockney recruit from Canada in the war described as "half the blessed world," but the Canadian town. It is one of the milestones on the journey which began last New Year at Churchill in Arctic Canada, and will end there next April.

The team of huskies is led by King Taylor, a notable man among sled drivers, who has led teams to victory in the yearly competition attracting "mushers" and their huskies from every part of the Dominion, and ending at Montreal, as once described in the C.N. King Taylor and his dogs have mushed from Churchill to Regina, on to Winnipeg and the Lake of the Woods, on the Canada-U.S. border, to White River and North Bay, and then turning south to Toronto and Niagara, where they crossed into the United States.

Once there they visited Albany, New York, and Boston before turning back for home.

Now they are off again on their travels and adventures, which are many and various. They have run into blizzards, and once the sled was struck by a freight train at a level-crossing. The man, like his huskies, sleeps out in the open, more than once wrapped up in his sleeping bag while the thermometer was at 70 below zero.

The party has sometimes been near starving, but when things are going as they should the four dogs share 12 pounds of meat a day. That keeps them going, 60 miles in the day in winter when the sled is on runners, but only 30 in summer when it runs on wheels.

It is a care-free life, with nothing to spend money on except food, and King Taylor pays his way by selling photographs of himself and his dogs.

Good Turn and Turn About

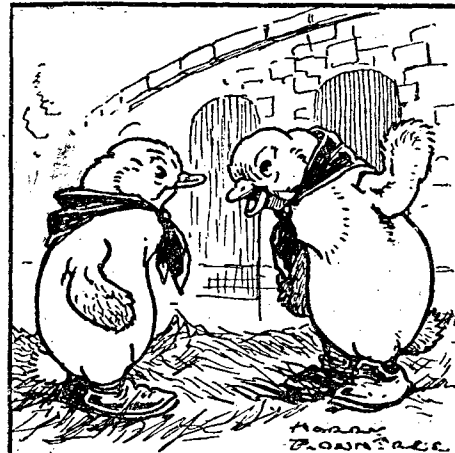
Many waters cannot quench the spirit of the Boy Scouts of India.

At Garakhpur, Aligarh, Bhadhara, and Mangaldai they followed in the track of the monsoon to save sufferers from it.

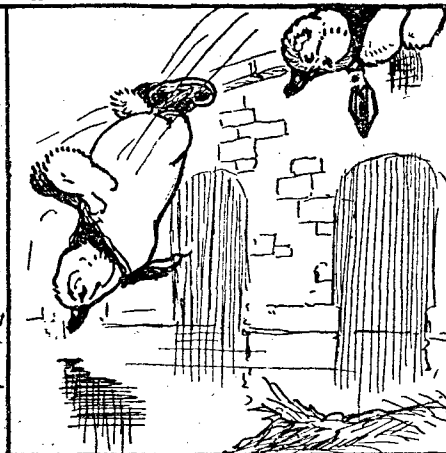
At Garakhpur they risked their lives by taking boats through the surging torrents of overflowing rivers to rescue groups of people marooned among the ruins of their homes.

At Aligarh, while on their way to perform the same service, they saw a river steamer on fire. After putting out the flames they went on, as if this were all in the day's work, to the rescue of some marooned villagers. At Bhadhara and Mangaldai many other villagers owed their lives to the boys, who after doing their turn as rescuers have now become hospital orderlies, to fight the malaria which follows the floods.

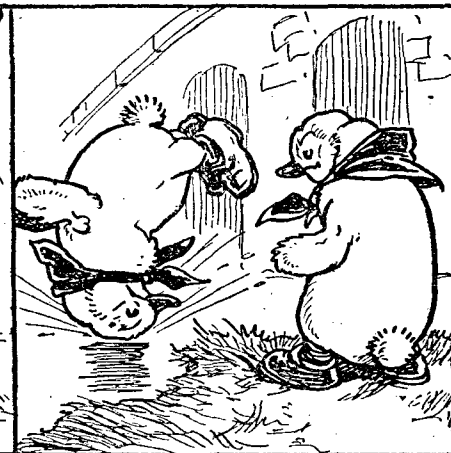
Look Before You Leap



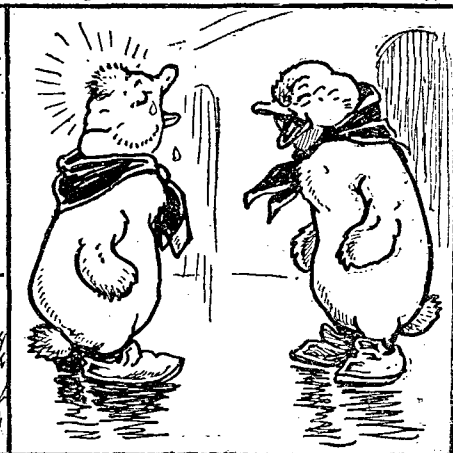
I dare you to dive off that bridge



Why, it's easy



Crash!



It was ice, you silly

A Harry Rountree Strip

December 31, 1938

The Children's Newspaper

II

SPACE AND PEACE

Something to Think About

None of us should think that what are called foreign affairs are beyond our understanding.

All human beings are governed by world conditions, and if we want to understand the true basis of enduring peace we have first to grasp the fact that the area in which the nations live is very restricted.

The small area of our planet is the primary factor of the case, and the progress of invention has made it, in effect, much smaller than it seemed not many years ago. The great oceans can now be crossed in hours. An aeroplane travelling at 200 miles an hour can circumnavigate the globe in five days!

The earth is only 8000 miles across and most of its surface is covered with water. To vary Coleridge:

*Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink;
Water, water, everywhere
Should make the landsman think!*

Unfortunately, we do not think enough about the fact, obvious though it is, that there is so little land.

The First Principle of Peace

The world's land area is only 56 million square miles, and of this the hot deserts and ice deserts account for 22 millions, leaving 34 millions. But only half of the 34 millions is cultivable, so that the world of land available for all nations is only 17 million square miles!

Thus, having little land on which to live and prosper, it becomes the *first principle of peace* for the nations to use that little wisely and cooperatively. To quarrel and fight about it is so to waste human effort that in effect we make the land *shrink*. A world constantly at war is a world robbed of harvest and given up to folly.

It is high time that the world faced these facts. In one part of the world we see men eagerly draining away water to make a bit more dry land, as Holland has done with the Zuyder Zee, where men now raise crops upon what was a stretch of salt water. In another part we see large districts of cultivable land entirely lacking people.

Why should not the responsible Governments come together and hammer out a plan for the best use of the world? What a splendid war it would be if all the nations joined in *hunting down Poverty*, poverty which is caused by the neglect of land.

The One True Interest

If we look at a map of the world we find towns named that we have never seen, and it is difficult for us to realise that they are inhabited by hard-working people intent on getting a living. They are people like ourselves, with the same hopes, desires, and fears, and there are over 2000 millions of them! This vast multitude longs for peace, and deserves peace. There is too much talk of the "interest" of this nation or that. In fact there is only one true interest, the desire of the common people that they should be allowed to reap the fruit of their labours in enduring quiet, unshadowed by the fear of calamity.

Yes, it is a little world! All the more reason for the nations to afford each other a share of the common earth, to be made fruitful by human labour.

The Good Samaritan

Every morning in Hyde Park, Sydney, an old man may be seen with a big paper bag tucked under his arm.

He is Mr W. H. Farnborough, and he comes to see the sparrows. The little birds flock round their friend, for they know what is in the mysterious paper bag. It is full of cotton-wool! The old man throws it to the eager nest-builders, who fly home with material which will make their homes cosier than ever.

John Pounds in His Wooden Shop

JUST 100 YEARS AGO

PORTSMOUTH is celebrating New Year's Day by remembering with a grateful heart a humble cobbler who died there 100 years ago. He was John Pounds, Founder of Ragged Schools.

Though the house where John was born in 1766 exists no longer, the little wooden workshop in which he lived for the most important part of his life, and where he died, is preserved as the proudest house in the street. It is a shop with a frontage of only seven feet and a height of six feet



John Pounds and two little friends

from floor to ceiling, with a living-room above. Except for one wall it was built entirely of wood, yet in this tiny place John taught 30 or 40 ragged boys and girls all he knew.

The son of a carpenter in Portsmouth Dockyard, he was working there as a strong lad of 15, over six feet tall, when he fell into a deep dry dock and broke his thigh. A kindly old cobbler took pity on him and taught him his trade.

When he was nearly 40 John Pounds set up in business for himself in the little wooden shop, and for 15 years toiled there alone, earning very little. Then he adopted the infant son of his brother, a child born a cripple. As he grew up the child needed surgical boots, and as John could not afford them he built up a pair, which were so successful that the parents of other crippled children in the neighbourhood asked his help, which he gave quite freely.

When the time came for his nephew's education John thought he would learn better in company than alone, so he went

out into the streets with hot potatoes and bribed waifs and strays to come into his little workroom. There night after night, his cobbling tools at his side, the crippled giant did his best to teach his wondering foundlings to read from handbills and circulars he had picked up, and from an old schoolbook he had begged from a friend.

Pen and ink and copybooks were for most of his life a luxury beyond his wildest hopes, but little by little he bought a stock of slates and pencils and taught his pupils to write and do simple sums. More and more children were tempted to join the ragged company, until John had a veritable academy of forty. The children crowded round him, some reading, some taking dictation, others showing him the sums on their slates, while he worked at his last, corrected their slates, and expounded his learning to them. He taught the older boys and girls shoemaking, tailoring, and cooking, while rough toys were made for use on excursions into the country. Even on Sundays master and pupils were not divided, for John, although roughly dressed during the week, donned



John Pounds's workshop at Portsmouth

a frock-coat and snuff-coloured knee-breeches and led his pupils, also smartened up in borrowed garments, to chapel. There they sat together in the gallery.

So John Pounds and his school went on for years, picking up ragamuffins from the slums of Portsmouth and turning them into the stuff of which respectable people are made. He went on unwearying till he passed away, suddenly, on New Year's morning just a hundred years ago.

Empire Riches Washed Into the Sea

A BRANCH of the Public Works Department has been formed by the New Zealand Government to deal with the serious problem of soil erosion.

Early in the New Year engineers will set to work to devise means of saving New Zealand's fertile top soil from being washed by rains into the rivers and carried out to sea in the form of silt and mud.

It is nothing short of tragic that New Zealand, which will not celebrate the 100th year of British rule until 1940, has so early in its history to make desperate efforts to save its soil. Unfortunately its early settlers did not understand that the reckless cutting down of forests must result in the heavy penalty of soil erosion. Now efforts are being made to save what remains of the hill forests, and to replant the scarred and barren hill-sides with trees.

New Zealand's Minister of Public Works has told his countrymen that

they have been playing with the problem for 40 years while their priceless heritage of rich soil has been washed into the Pacific Ocean. He is determined to tackle the problem at once.

What the Minister meant was that until about 40 years ago there were no serious floods in New Zealand, because the bush-clad hills retained the rain just as a sponge holds moisture. Then came the era of felling the bush to make room for pastures. But the rain descended, the floods came, and millions of tons of good soil were washed down the rivers.

Farm News

Is this a world sowing record?

Working day and night an Australian farmer in Victoria has sown 920 acres of wheat in 129 hours. He used a tractor hauling a combine which automatically sowed the grain, spread the fertiliser, and covered the seed.

FROCKS FROM AMERICA

Something Happening About Clothes

An unexpected thing has happened to our clothing trade.

In the last few years a new foreign competition has sprung up in ready-made frocks for women and girls from America. There has been also a growing competition from Canada. The value of this importation has become very great and the competition is serious.

There is a simple explanation. The Americans make frocks in a number of fittings, as boots are made. Therefore it is possible for a woman to get a fit in ready-made frocks without incurring serious costs for alterations. The remedy is simple; it is to adopt the same idea.

It must also be added that American frocks are pretty and dainty. The American working woman dresses well and loves bright clothes. Some very charming designs come across the Atlantic and readily find their way into our shops, to be sold at prices returning an excellent profit.

Faster Trains Need New Tracks

Speed and yet more speed is the demand today. The aeroplane has set the pace, and older forms of transport must move faster.

In the past few years railway journeys have been considerably speeded up. Speaking at the Institute of Transport in London, Mr S. H. Fisher mentioned that on the L M S this year there are 63 daily runs, totalling 6317 miles, at average start-to-stop speeds of 60 miles an hour or over. In the summer of 1931 and before that there were no such speeds. On the main lines of the L M S it has been found necessary to impose a limit of 90 miles an hour, and on some sections the limit will be much lower.

Before greater speeds can be allowed tracks will need attention; there is no doubt the modern steam-engine can haul trains very much faster.

The Blot

The worst turns best to the brave, says Browning, and often we can make something good out of something bad if we go the right way about it.

Opening an exhibition of Rabin-dranath Tagore's drawings in London, Lord Zetland told how the famous Indian writer found by accident that he had a gift for making pictures. He had given up his best years to his pen, writing books and plays and verses, and enriching the world with noble thoughts finely and beautifully expressed.

One day he made a blot; a sheet of paper was apparently ruined by this unsightly circle of ink. But instead of the blot being the end of a little piece of work it became the beginning of a big piece, for the poet began to draw round the blot in order to change it from a blemish to a thing of beauty, and in so doing he found his skill in drawing and he developed it.

Smiler

Smiler is no more. She has gone the way of all good dogs, but she will be missed in Darlington and Newcastle.

She was one of a family of dogs specially trained to collect money at Newcastle Infirmary, where she was to be seen at the gates every visiting day. As a rule she enriched the Infirmary by two pounds a day; and had she been able to talk she would no doubt have boasted that her family had raised £5000. She was a retriever, and belonged to Mr and Mrs Statters of Darlington; now that her day is done a splendid piece of service is finished.

AURIGA AND HIS GOATS

Wonders of a Brilliant Constellation

By the C.N. Astronomer

The brilliant constellation of Auriga is now overhead between 9 and 10 o'clock at night, its chief stars being easily identified from the star-map.

Auriga, a man driving, with a goat and pair of kids in his arms, symbolises a shepherd and takes us back to Chaldean times, when shepherds were most important members of the community and goats, in those regions most valued animals.

The Kids are represented by the triangle of third-magnitude stars, Epsilon, Eta, and Zeta, easily recognised a little to the south of Capella, which represents the Goat and has been known as the Goat Star for ages. Indeed, the figure of Auriga with the Goat and Kids is on the ancient carvings of Babylonia.

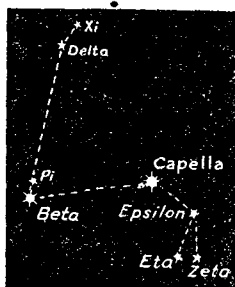
Capella is actually composed of two magnificent suns about 79 million miles apart and together radiating about 150 times more light than our Sun, but from a distance 2,990,000 times as far. These suns, one of which is about four times more massive than ours, while the other is over three and a quarter times, revolve in their orbits round a common centre of gravity in 104 days.

Two Colossal Suns

So, while they travel over orbits somewhat smaller than that of the Earth, these great suns travel at much faster speeds, the more massive sun, which has the smaller orbit, travelling at the average rate of 23 miles a second, while the other with the larger orbit has, of course, to sprint faster, at 29 miles a second, to complete the journey in the same time as the other sun. Thus, one sun of Capella travels at about the same speed as Mercury, while the other is only a mile a second faster than Venus; but both suns are many millions of times larger than Venus or our world. Even our Sun is a dwarf beside them, for they possess diameters calculated to be between three and four times greater than our Sun; otherwise they are very similar in constitution.

Not only has this solar system of Capella two suns in its centre, but it is also known to be on a much vaster scale than our own Solar System. At present what appear to be a pair of flaming planets, or a planet and a flaming satellite, such as our Moon once was, are travelling either with or around the twin suns of Capella at the tremendous distance away of 1,069,500 million miles. As these bodies are about 3441 million miles apart we see on what a vast scale is this solar system—too large to reveal possible orbital motions until several years hence.

Passing from the Goat Star to those representing the two Kids, we find that Zeta is also composed of two suns, but is a very different type of solar system. If, as appears to be the case, they are at a distance of something like a thousand light-years (about 63 million times farther than our Sun) they must be suns very much larger than those of Capella, which are at a distance of barely 48 light-years. They are also much hotter and more brilliant, the more central sun being a giant of the Arcturus or K type, while the lesser sun with the larger orbit is of the very hot Orion or B type. Thus these two suns represent a solar system in a very much earlier stage of existence than that of either Capella or our Sun. G. F. M.



Some of the chief stars of Auriga

A Poor Scots Lad and His Great Idea

We may often see the name of Carnegie on a library, and C.N. readers know well the great work of the Carnegie Trust, but how many young people know Andrew Carnegie, perhaps the most remarkable of America's many millionaires?

As a poor Scottish boy he emigrated to America and in course of time became the head of a great steel corporation. One day he made his will and found that he had a fortune of £30,000,000. He was thirty millionaires rolled into one. He conceived the idea of forming a Trust to use the money. The Trust was not to spend the capital, but to use the income "for the improvement of mankind."

He talked it over with his friend Elihu Root, another well-known American, and this gave Root a great idea. "Why not form the Trust now, while you are alive," he said to Carnegie, "and have the satisfaction of seeing for yourself the good work done."

Carnegie jumped at the idea, and so was born the Carnegie Foundation, which he entrusted with £25,000,000 of his great fortune. The trustees have worked wonders with the income. They have established libraries, concert halls, and peace institutions.

Mr Carnegie felt the lack of education when he grew up; hence his fondness for establishing libraries. His Foundation also trains librarians and supplies books to existing institutions. Not the least of the benefactions was the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace.

Hundreds of rich Americans, notably Mr Rockefeller with the Rockefeller Foundation and Mr Edward Harkness with the Pilgrim Trust, have followed the Carnegie example. It is truly a great idea, and may be commended to our own millionaires. At present Lord Nuffield is the chief British exponent.

CANNING THE CLAM

What Captain Cook Liked

The clam is causing many tongues to wag along the Great Barrier Reef in Australia, for it is proposed to exploit these molluscs commercially. It is said that there is a good market for clam meat in America.

Captain Cook was very partial to Australian clams, as his diary of 1770 shows. They are the biggest molluscs known. An average size is five feet in diameter and has in it about twenty pounds of meat, the shell weighing about a quarter of a ton. These clams sometimes close their shells on the feet of divers, and only a crowbar can set the victim free.

25 YEARS AGO

From the C.N. of December 1913

A Train That Was Seven Years Late. The opening of a new railway in America has led a magazine to recall one of the most remarkable journeys on record. A train set out from Beaumont in Texas for Port Bolivar, a distance of 71 miles. It started at half-past eleven on the morning of September 8, 1900, and arrived seven years afterwards.

All went well for the first 33 miles, but then, at a point called High Island, it was surrounded by water from the Gulf of Mexico, which had broken 38 miles inland and flooded the railway. The train could not go forward, and it could not return. The passengers, after hours of terror, made their escape through the mud, and the train was left high and dry upon the prairie.

All the line, except that upon which the engine and carriages stood, was washed away, and the scene of ruin lasted for years. At last the line was remade and linked up with the little piece remaining. The rusty locomotive was fired up, and amid cheers finally moved off, creaky and uneasy in her joints, but still serviceable.

KEYS

We use the word key in a score of ways. Though we usually think of a key as a piece of metal which fits into a lock, we use it to mean the lowest note of a scale in music, and we speak of the key note. Every piano and organ has its keys. Electrical apparatus for despatching messages is operated by keys, and perhaps half the world's letters are typed with keys. It is the keystone of the arch which keeps all the other stones in position.

The old spelling of quay, meaning a wharf, was key, and a low bank or reef is still called a key. We talk about the key situation, about the key to a cypher or problem, and the key to a mystery. To this day the Parliament of the Isle of Man is called the House of Keys.

There are keys in heraldry and keys on inn signs, the familiar Cross Keys, the symbol of the Pope, reminding us that St Peter was at one time believed to hold the keys of heaven.

Used As Charms

Keys are of all sizes and shapes. Up and down England we may see massive ones unlocking the old doors of our churches and castles, some of them so big and heavy that no one would be very likely to think of running away with them. Many keys are wonderful examples of old smithwork, as are the locks into which they fit. Today, thanks to Joseph Bramah, who gave us the kind of lock and key we now use, most of our keys are quite small.

Long ago one might often see a key hanging in a stable, or come upon a farmer carrying a key with a stone tied to the handle, superstitious people believing that keys could act as a charm against misfortune.

It was a key which told Benjamin Franklin that lightning was electricity. Benjamin had always believed it, but he set out to prove it by sending a kite up into a thunderstorm, the string linked with a big key. Suddenly electricity rushed down the string, and, putting his knuckle to the key, Benjamin received a shock which knocked him down.

The First Radiograph

A key opened a door to a new world in 1893. It was by accident that Professor Röntgen passed an electric current through a vacuum tube just when the bench of his laboratory was very untidy. Then he went out to take a photograph, and, having developed it, found the shape of a key across his picture. The key had been used as a bookmark, and the rays (afterwards known as X-rays) had penetrated the pages of the closed book and left an outline of the key on a photographic plate which had chanced to be lying under the book.

The burghers of Calais offered the keys of the town to our King Edward. Bunyan has given us the story of how Christian escaped from Doubting Castle by using a little key which would unlock any door. And a nursery rhyme says:

*Hearts, like doors, will ope with ease
To very, very little keys.*

A Giant

The people of Elmswell in Suffolk have been talking of a giant in their midst, a vegetable marrow 32 inches long, over four feet round, and weighing 96 pounds. This monster was to take a trip to London in a basket specially made for it, and Mr Spencer Roper, who has grown it, must be proud to think of his marrow as one of the sights of London.

CAN WE KEEP OUR PEOPLE WARM?

The Englishman's Home is His Ice-box

Winter is upon us, with the damp that always seems so much colder than the frost.

Cold and bare the tall trees stand. The wind howls in millions of flues that have no heat in them. For we are in Britain, the wet island that has so much coal to burn and over 100,000 miners out of work!

And why are so many miners out of work? Because so many millions cannot afford to warm their houses. Not one bedroom in 20 has a fire in it. All the masses can afford is a miserable hot-water bottle in the bed to thaw their toes.

This is worth thinking about. Coal, but no heat! Miners, but not enough work! Hearths, but no fire!

At a National Coal Convention a speaker said:

For most of our people winter is an ordeal. In millions of homes we have only one warm room, even in the coldest weather, with the rest of the house like a refrigerator. Thus we manufacture colds and chills.

Many schools are under-heated, and a chief inspector said that in some of London's schools the children are too cold sometimes to be educated.

Too many hotels outside London are still backward in heating. I have been charged 3s 6d for a coal fire in my bedroom.

Heat Could be Organised

Mr Ned Sparks, one of the cleverest of the American film comedians, made a special claim for reduction of income tax on returning to America from England, because, he said, he got so cold in our unwarmed rooms that he was laid up and incurred heavy doctor's bills. He declared that we live in refrigerators. The Englishman's home is his castle, and his ice-box.

The truth about Coal is like the truth about Herrings. Herrings are thrown back in the sea because people cannot buy them, and coal remains unmined because only the minority can afford to buy what they need. In millions of homes fuel is a luxury to be eked out lump by lump.

Organisation alone can rid us of such follies. If coal were produced in plenty and a nation-wide system of cheap distribution set up it could be sold cheaply in one of many forms. *It is a reform that would comfort and bless the lives of tens of millions.*

Let us note that in the three months July, August, September this year we produced only 52,400,000 tons of coal as compared with 57,400,000 tons in the same period of last year. We ought to have been getting coal for the winter instead of dismissing the coal-getters.

BLOWN BY THE GALE

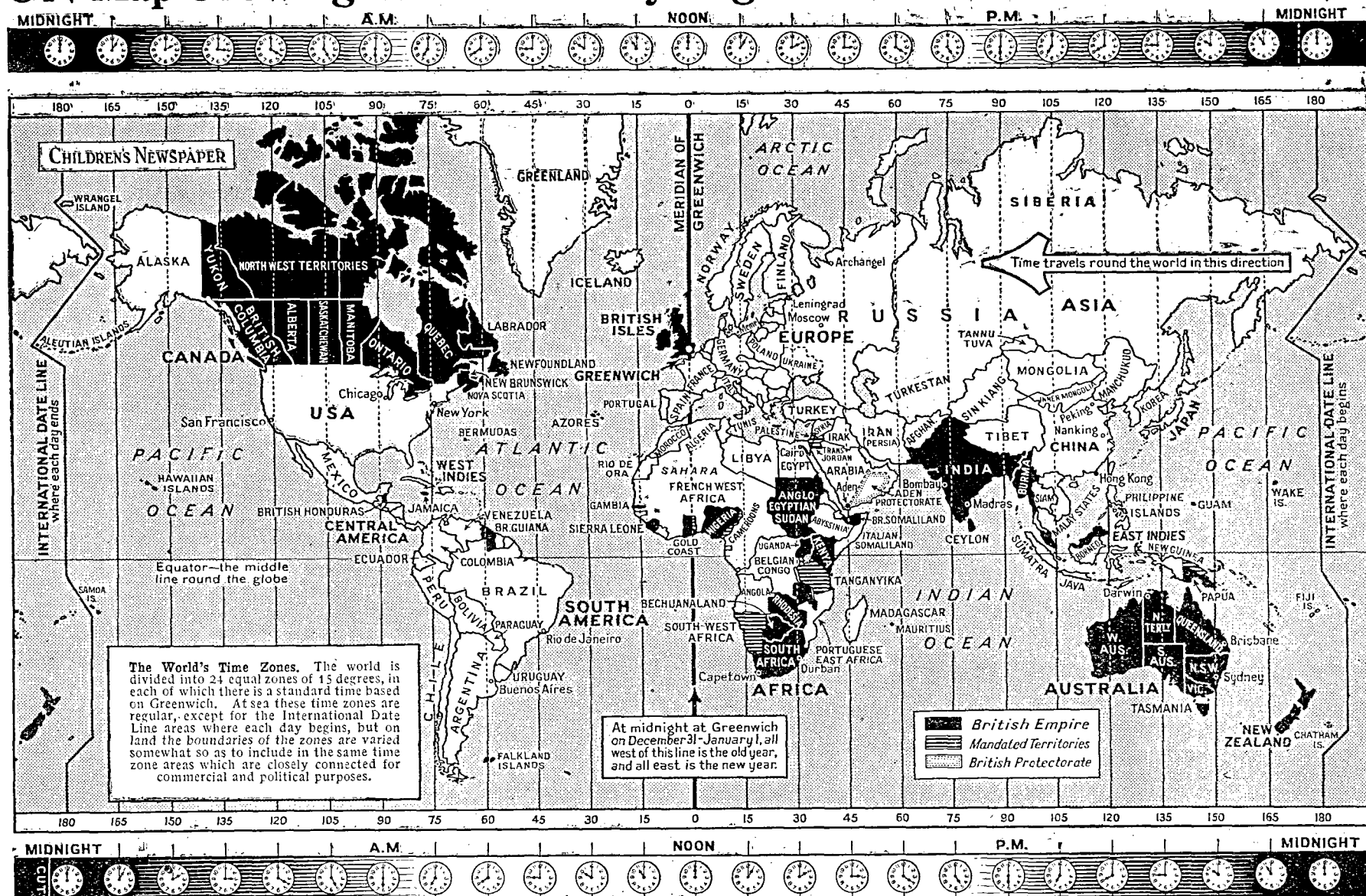
A Puzzling Bird

There was consternation at Altrincham a few days ago when an unexpected visitor arrived on the back of the wind.

A gale was blowing when a bird with webbed feet and brown plumage, set off underneath with cream and white, swooped down from the sky and made a stir in the King George Pool. The park superintendent was puzzled by this bird, which is not unlike most of the ducks except that when it dived it remained under water as long as three minutes or more, coming up with a fair-sized fish in its bill. The gulls and waterhens and coots did not seem pleased to find a stranger in their midst; and no one could give him a name till an expert recognised him as the Great Northern Diver, a powerful bird which must have been blown considerably out of its course by the recent high winds.

He is to find sanctuary at Altrincham as long as he cares to stay.

CN Map Showing Where the Day Begins & Time All Over the World



Many readers will find the CN Map this week of permanent interest, and some may wish to take it to school when the new term begins.

With the two scales of clocks it will be possible to tell the time at a glance in any part of the world. For that reason it is suggested that the map and the clocks be cut out and mounted on thin cardboard when the paper has been read. Mount them as one, and when the paste is dry cut away the two strips of clocks. Then remove the little black section

marked CUT, and paste this strip to the other so that the midnight clock on the cut strip exactly overlays the midnight clock on the right of the other strip.

If it is 5 p.m. in England place the 5 p.m. clock on the scale against the meridian for Greenwich, and the other clocks on the strip will show the time at that moment all over the world. For instance, it will be seen that in San Francisco it is 9 a.m. on the same day, and at Sydney it is 3 a.m., although this is on the day which has not yet reached England.

MORE PEOPLE WANTED

Wide Spaces Crying Out for Them

The white population of Tanganyika remains surprisingly small.

It is now 9107 men, women, and children, of whom 2981 are Germans. The white population is microscopic in relation to the vastness of this African territory.

In truth the white population of all Africa is exceedingly meagre. It amounts at the present time to a few millions, of whom 2,000,000 (mostly Boers) are in the Union of South Africa. Instead of developing Africa, and doing it justice, the white nations appear to prefer to quarrel about it. Would they rather spend millions of European lives in the quarrel than sit round a table and discuss African development?

Competition Result

In CN Competition Number 68 the 20 prizes of iced cakes and boxes of chocolates were won by the following boys and girls, who sent in the neatest correct entries:

Maureen Britton, Hatfield Peverel; Sheila Coppock, Doncaster; Myra Dickson, Laurieston; Brian Fogg, Coventry; J. M. Gillespie, Southall; David Goater, Lewdown, Devon; Joan E. Halcrow, Shrewsbury; Dora Mott, Northwood; Muriel Pitts, Shenfield; Mary Puddy, Bourton, Dorset; Ivor James Reep, Calstock; Pamela Richards, Wimbledon; Frances Shaw, Belfast; Mabel Sherwood, Belfast; Marian Sims, Swansea; Margaret Stephen, Berkhamsted; Samuel J. Stewart, Crumlin; Vint Stewart, Muckamore, Co. Antrim; Betty Thomson, Linlithgow; Kenneth Woodham, Leytonstone.

The correct answers were:

Cheese-dish; cup; hot-water jug; ladle; mug; sauce-boat; saucepan; saucer; teapot.

The Sudden Progress of the World

THE fact that the Modern World has made more progress in a few generations than the Old World did in many ages is well illustrated by the fact that Napoleon could move an army across Europe no more quickly than Julius Caesar did 2000 years before him.

If it were possible, a public man said the other day, to bring together an educated Roman of the old days, an educated Elizabethan, and one of our own grandfathers he thought it would be possible for them to carry on an intelligent conversation and make one another understand the type of life they had all lived. But if a fourth were added to the party in the person of a modern young man they would find things very different. He would

probably arrive and announce that he had left his car in a one-way street and would have to go out and park it elsewhere. When he spoke to them of cars, aeroplanes, and telephones the three from the preceding generations would come to the conclusion that he was either mad or a liar.

Communication in the old days could not go faster than the pace of a horse, but now there are a hundred and one different ways of communication and locomotion.

But what a pity that the incredible inventiveness of man during the past 20 years has been devoted so much to engines of destruction! We have to beware of allowing our mental equipment to outstrip our moral outlook.

Miss Nancy Price's New School

CAUSES taken up by Miss Nancy Price are never lost till they are won.

Having saved High Salvington for the people, she set the People's National Theatre going at the Playhouse Theatre, and now has the happy idea of adding to it a Youth Branch, which will bring young people to see good actors in really good plays.

One of the plans she has formed for the Youth Branch is that of getting a number of young members, and stimulating their interest in the dramatic art by inviting schools to present a short play at the Playhouse once a year. Any school with a Youth membership of 24 would be able to contribute a performance which would not take more than

half an hour to play at matinées in the spring or autumn.

These matinées would include five of these plays, or acts of plays, or dramatic scenes—and great would be the interest thereof. As Miss Nancy Price is the prime mover of the idea no doubt need be entertained of the hints of value which the performers would receive at the Playhouse.

The idea is original, like most of Miss Price's ideas, and we wish it success. At the same time we wish heartily to encourage her in her campaign against the use of steel traps near her sanctuary of High Salvington. They are cruel to rabbits and are also a serious menace to wandering dogs.

LIKE A LAMP IN THE DARK

Story of a Rector's Daughter

Llandoget in Wales has a small 15th-century church, and on its wall is now a tablet to the memory of Miss Annie Pugh-Evans, who died of malarial fever in 1919.

Her story was recalled at a memorial service. Miss Evans, daughter of the Rector of Llandoget, went from her native village to the United States with Joseph Evans and Miss Charlotte Holmgran, after they had visited Jerusalem together. Their great work in America began in a basement in Boston, but it prospered till the handful of people who had met in the basement were able to build themselves a fine Baptist chapel. Joseph Evans was then, as now, a great missionary enthusiast, establishing missions in many parts of the world; and after some years Miss Evans settled among the San Blas Indians in Panama.

There she worked till her death. She gave unstintingly of her time and energy and love, carrying the Gospel like a lamp into dark lives. When she died she was buried in the cemetery of the Chief of the San Blas tribe; and to this day the Red Indians there guard her grave as if it were a treasure cave. Above it flies the British flag.

No Laundry

We hear that in America paper curtains, pillowcases, and sheets are being sold in large quantities. They are so cheap that they can be thrown away instead of laundered. The new paper fabric is known as Pervel.

Complete in Four Parts

DANGEROUS WATERS

By William MacMillan

CHAPTER I

The Great Rapids

FROM where they crouched in the second canoe Mary Jane and Jack caught a fleeting glimpse of the craft ahead disappearing down the rapids in a smother of foam. Catching her breath, Mary Jane glanced back questioning at the big Indian squatting stoically in the stern.

"Gros Louis, I hope they haven't upset?" The guide smiled and shook his head. "Don't mak' ze worry; everyting will come out okay."

"It's a whopper," broke in Jack, nervously surveying the mass of tumbling water—"the worst so far."

"Voilà," grunted the Indian, pushing the canoe out into the boiling flood, "cet ces our turn now."

The Kicking Horse Rapids needed no second invitation. Snatching at the frail 18-foot canoe, it whirled it downstream so fast that its two young passengers could only hold on to the gunwales and pray the steel-muscled man in the stern would manage to keep it clear of the rocks.

It must have been all of a mile long, that rapid, and almost as steep as the side of a house. Ugly rocks, sharply pointed, rushed up to meet them and flying spray stung their faces. The shore line too was constantly changing. In some places it was as flat as a pancake. But in others the towering walls came so close together it seemed impossible for anything as big as a canoe to get through.

To Gros Louis Picard, however, this mass of rushing, boiling water was just another rapid, to be taken, as it were, in his stride. And so deftly did he steer the hurtling canoe past scimitar-edged rocks that they came to rest in the tranquil waters of a lagoon almost before they realised that the danger was all behind them.

Too unnerved to speak for the moment, Mary Jane and Jack stepped stiffly ashore, helped Picard to draw the canoe carefully up on the beach, then hurried toward their father, where he stood, tall and straight, by a crackling fire.

"Phew!" breathed Jack fervently. "That was some ride!"

"The worst yet," agreed Mr Watson. "Well, now that we've successfully run the worst rapids in the North I suggest camping here for the night."

It was just as well that they did decide to remain there for the night, because by the time supper was ready the short autumn day had drawn to a close and dark shadows crept close to the crackling fire.

Tit Fort Sioui, the older Indian, surpassed himself in the outdoor kitchen that meal, heaping Mary Jane's and Jack's plates with dripping honey-coloured beans buried in syrup, which they quickly disposed of. Finally they threw themselves down before the fire, cupped their chins in their hands, and stared into the glowing embers.

"Well," observed David Watson, "are you sorry you came?"

"I guess not," replied Jack with the impetuosity of a ten-year-old. "I wouldn't have missed this trip for anything."

"And how about you, Mary Jane? Does that go for you too?"

Mary Jane, sober and reflective for her twelve years, smiled fondly at her father. "It does, Dad. And when we reach Dixon's Landing we'll both study hard and make up for the school we're missing now."

To the younger Watsons everything, the thundering rapids, the brooding pools, the miles and miles of silent woods, was novel and exciting. And there were times when they really had to pinch themselves to make sure they weren't just dreaming.

They fell asleep that night to dream of shooting rapids and being impaled on rocks that stabbed at them through the bottom of the canoe.

Sleep didn't come as easily to their father: perhaps because the future was so indefinite and uncertain. Would the children take to their new home in the wilderness? Would they long for the variety and companionship of their city friends? And what about himself? Could he forget the gay life of the city and buckle down to the prosy outlook of a backwoods storekeeper? These and a thousand other doubts and questions raced through his head till sleep presently laid stealthy fingers on his eyeballs.

By and by the fire died down to a heap of glowing coals, and the moon wrapped the sleeping forms in mantles of warm, friendly light. Presently it too faded away and it began to snow. Slowly at first, then more

rapidly, so that when dawn came the world lay still and white under a blanket of snow. "Hurrah!" whooped Jack. "I've always wanted to wake up and find snow on the ground."

"It's nice to look at," agreed his father dryly, "but it's a different matter when you have to mush through it all day long."

The older travellers seemed unusually sober as they prepared for the day's trek. Seizing a moment when his sister was too absorbed mending a sock to notice him, Jack edged up beside his father, "Are we close to a freeze-up, Dad?"

His father nodded. "Old Man Winter is treading on our heels, son. And while this snow will probably be gone in a day or two cold weather can't be far away."

As sensitive and responsive to the threatening change of weather as the wild ducks they had seen sweeping day and night across the heavens, the two Indians raised their heads every now and then to sweep the skies with anxious eyes.

Viewed in the bright light of the morning the rapids they had managed to negotiate the previous afternoon looked more formidable than ever. "Mercy!" breathed Mary Jane, "I had no idea they were as steep as that."

CHAPTER 2

Stories in the Snow

WELL aware that from now on it was to be a race with the winter, the two younger members of the cavalcade pulled their own special paddles from under the thwarts and helped to drive the canoe down the frigid stream.

The night's fall of snow had completely transformed the appearance of the woods, disguising stumps and windfalls and piling in great masses along those slopes protected from the constantly strengthening rays of the sun. There seemed more wild life about too. And more than one moose, huge and gaunt and round-eyed, raised antlered heads from the water to watch them surge past.

Anxious to spot her first deer, Mary Jane kept a sharp eye on the shore, mistaking rocks and stumps a dozen times or more for their blurred outlines. None, alas, made its appearance, and she had to

content herself with Picard's assurance that she was more likely to see the high-strung creatures just before dark. Towards midday, however, her sharp eyes picked out an object on the nearest shore that turned out to be that rare creature a caribou.

"But it isn't much bigger than a deer," she protested.

"She ces ze caribou jes' ze same," chuckled Picard. "And when she walks her feet she go click, clack."

Sure enough, when the shadowy beast, startled by the sound of human voices (something he was probably hearing for the first time in his life), moved into plain view his flying hoofs made a loud clacking.

"Some day," growled Jack under his breath, watching the swiftly disappearing animal over his shoulder, "I'm going to get me a caribou."

The snow on the beaches was criss-crossed with the trails of numerous invisible beasts. And whenever the canoe swung inshore they could distinguish the delicate footprints of white-skirted juncos, the coarser marks of the mice folk, and the winding trails of waddling partridges.

Fascinated by these stories so plainly written on the snow-white pages, Mary Jane and Jack puzzled for a long time over groups of five tracks they saw every now and then—one small and two large and another two large.

"What is it?" Jack demanded of the Indian.

"Ze rabbit," explained Picard between grunts. "Someting ces chasing her."

"But see," argued Jack, "sometimes the small track is in front of the others, and sometimes it is behind them."

"Eet ces all ze same rabbit," grinned Picard. "She runs, she sits, and by and by she runs some more."

"Then that smaller mark must be its tail," quickly interjected Mary Jane.

The guide looked pleased. "Some day I will teach you both to read ze tracks in ze snow."

Mortified with himself for having failed to read the trail correctly, Jack was silent for a while.

Presently he decided to adopt another line. "Say, Nosey"—he always called Mary Jane that when he was peeved with her—"I can name six animals whose tracks you won't see today, or tomorrow either, for that matter?"

"All right," agreed Mary Jane calmly. "Name them?"

"The bear, the bat, the woodchuck, the

chipmunk, the coon, and the jumping-mouse."

"Well, why shan't we see them, smarty?" "Because they're all sound asleep, stupid."

"But what about the skunk?"

"Well, what about him?"

"You've forgotten him."

"He doesn't hibernate."

"No? Well, ask Picard."

When the good-natured Indian realised that he was to be the court of last resort he did his best to side-step the issue. He hummed and haved and tried to change the subject; but when Mary Jane pinned him down to a decision he had to admit, though not without first glancing apologetically in Jack's direction, that the boy's list was incomplete and that the skunk did hibernate like the others.

"There!" whooped Mary Jane, waving her paddle aloft. "Didn't I tell you?"

"Well," admitted her brother reluctantly, "if Gros Louis says so it must be correct. But I guess," he added on second thought, "he can't tell you whether Polar bears hibernate too."

"Zat, ma frien'," grinned the Indian, "ees easily answer: some do, some don't."

"What is so mysterious that some do and some don't?" inquired Mr Watson, who, unknown to either Jack or Mary Jane, had waited for them to draw up level with his canoe.

"Polar bears, Dad," explained Jack.

"Gros Louis, as usual, is quite right," declared their father. "While some of the older males sometimes wander up and down the shore the winter long, all but starving to death, the females crawl into a den, or under an overhanging rock, and let the snow seal them up for the winter."

"Don't they get just a little bit to eat?" asked Mary Jane.

"Not a scrap," smiled her father. "You see, an all-wise Providence arranges for them to get so fat during the autumn they can retire for the rest of the winter and live comfortably on the fatty tissues of their bodies."

"I must admit that is something new to me, Dad," broke in Jack. "I always pictured the brutes sitting on an ice cake and devouring fish."

"And that," interrupted his father quickly, "is another fallacy."

"What is?"

"About Polar bears eating fish. While they might do so in a pinch they prefer seal or walrus any day."

Except for the lazy gurgle of water behind Sioui's paddle the canoes, locked together, drifted downstream with scarcely a sound.

"And when do they wake up?" demanded Mary Jane presently, as if there hadn't been any break in the conversation. "The bears, I mean."

Her father smiled. "Sometime during the early part of the winter the cubs, two of them usually, are born. And they draw on the mother's strength till spring suns melt the snow and free them from their voluntary prison."

In the silence that followed the younger members of the expedition pictured a wind-swept world filled with roly-poly white bear cubs tumbling over each other.

Suddenly Jack straightened in his seat. "Look, Dad!" he hissed, pointing with his paddle to where a small stream emptied into the river through a network of rocks.

"What is that?"

"That, son," chuckled Mr Watson, "is a bear."

"But what in the world is he doing?" asked Jack.

"He ees fishin'," broke in Sioui. "Jes watch heem."

Suddenly catching their scent, possibly its first smell of humans, the big black brute raised its head and stared at them as it winnowed the air through quivering nostrils.

Outlined there against the background of white snow and green trees it looked immense. It couldn't have weighed an ounce less than 500 pounds, and looked as wide as a house. And at the angle from which they viewed it the spectators had a perfect perspective of its extraordinarily high shoulders and sloping silhouette.

Reassured by their silence and entire lack of movement, the wilderness fisherman presently lowered its head and resumed fishing.

To the younger spectators it didn't seem possible that so huge a creature could capture anything as swift and elusive as a trout. Suddenly it snatched at the water, scooping up a sizable fish and tossing it ashore almost in the same motion.

"Somehow or other," breathed Mary Jane slowly, as the colossus drifted farther and farther astern, "I feel that the clever beggar deserves all he can catch."

TO BE CONTINUED

JACKO BRIGHTENS THINGS UP

ON New Year's Eve Jacko came in with a mysterious-looking parcel.

"Whatever are you hiding there?" asked his mother.

"I thought," said Jacko, "that I'd brighten things up a bit for the party. I've got some coloured strips," he explained, "and I'm going to paste them together for chains."

Mother Jacko wasn't impressed. "I think the house looks very nice as it is," she said, glancing at all the holly

"I'll be very careful," promised Jacko. "I'll cover it with newspapers."

And so he did. Then he fetched the steps and got to work. As Baby wanted to help Jacko let him. They were getting along very nicely when there came a knock at the front door.

It was Miss Ape.

"I've brought Baby some barley-sugar," they heard her say.

She popped her head in just as Jacko was bending down to take some chains



Miss Ape let out a scream

and mistletoe. "Still, if you don't make too much mess I've no objection."

Jacko went off beaming. He was back again in a couple of hours.

"I've done 'em, and they look fine!" he declared proudly. "And now I'm going to hang them up in the parlour."

"Oh, are you?" cried Mother Jacko. "What about my floor?" She had spent hours polishing the parlour floor, which shone so that you could almost see your face in it.

that Baby was handing up to him. And at the sight of the sweets Baby made a dive for them.

Jacko bent to grab the chain, and missed. He lost his balance, the steps toppled over, and the next moment the chains, the steps, and Jacko were all in a heap at Miss Ape's feet.

It startled her so that she let out a scream.

And so did poor Mother Jacko when she saw the state of her precious floor!



A
BEAUTIFUL
FAIRY TALE
COMES TO LIFE
A SIMPLE, FRIENDLY
FASCINATING
CARD GAME

SNOW WHITE

AND THE SEVEN DWARFS
Founded on the Famous
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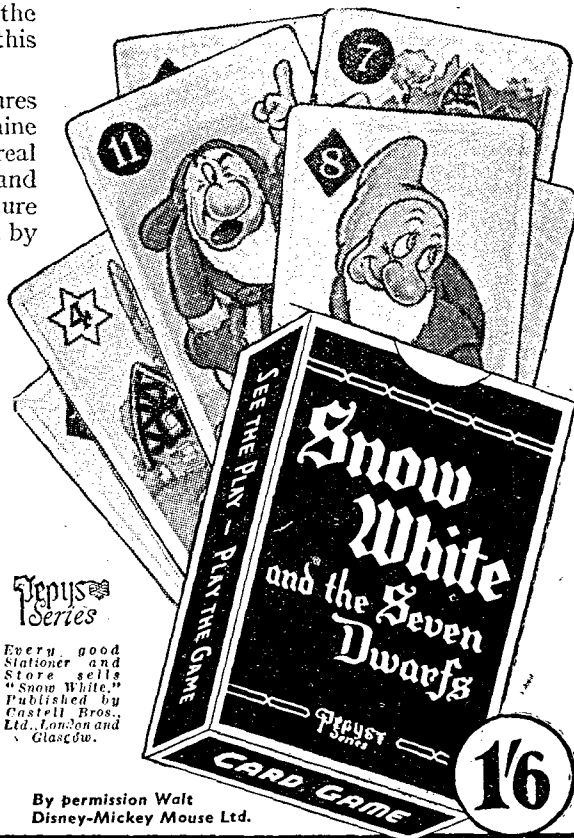
All the wistful charm of those delightful characters in the greatest fairy-tale film ever produced are reproduced in FULL COLOURS from the Walt Disney originals in this wonderful card game.

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Every good Stationer and Store sells "Snow White." Published by Castell Bros., Ltd., London and Glasgow.

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(Seaside Branch of the Queen's Hospital for Children, London, E.2)

Is Maintained by Voluntary

Contributions

Since the Home was opened in 1911, 5,705 children from London's poorest areas have received the benefits of skilled medical and nursing treatment.

**"Eight Pounds a Day
Just Pays Our Way"
—BUT THAT EIGHT POUNDS
IS HARD TO FIND!**

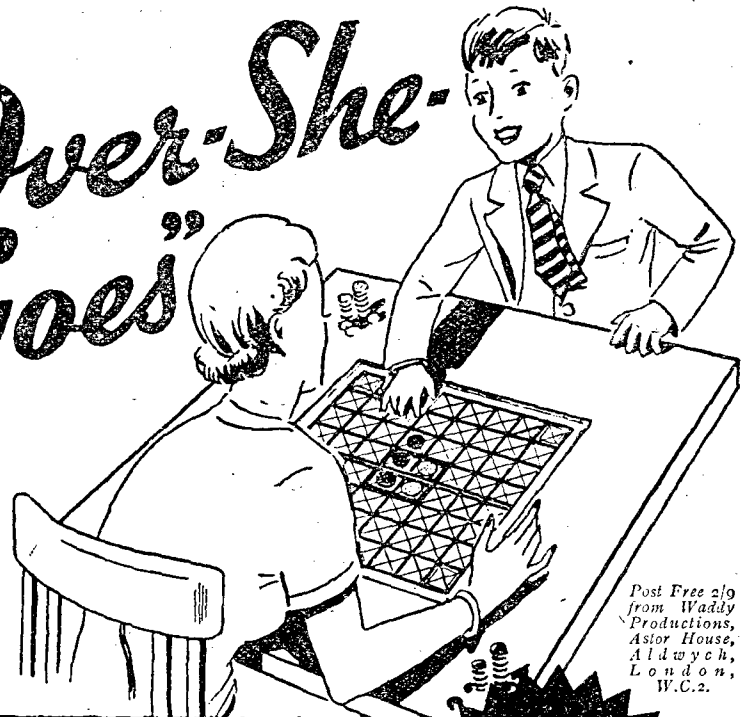
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**PLEASE SEND A GIFT
NOW TO** The Secretary, The Little Folks Home Fund, The Queen's Hospital for Children, Hackney Road, E.2.

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Exciting and Amusing

"Over-She-Goes"



Post Free 2/6 from Waddy Productions, Astor House, Aldwych, London, W.C.2.

**PRICE
2/6**

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PRODUCTIONS**

OVER SHE GOES is a new, novel and intriguing game which everyone, young and old, can enjoy. As easy to play as draughts, yet it can be as skilful as chess. The excitement becomes intense as one player gains a winning position, perhaps only to lose it the next move. The fortunes of the game change very swiftly, and the interest is sustained until the last counter has been played. It is grand amusement for the winter evenings.

On Sale at all Stationers, Toy Shops and Stores. Order from Branches of Boots Cash Chemists, Timothy White and Taylors, W. H. Smith & Son, Wyman & Sons, or from Harrods of Knightsbridge, or Bentalls, Kingston-on-Thames.

Will You Do The CN A Good Turn?

AMONG your New Year good turns may we of the CN ask for one?

DO you have the CN delivered every Thursday or do you buy it casually? May we ask you to place an order with your newsagent to deliver it regularly? It will help the newsagent.

AS for ourselves, when you have finished with this copy will you be good enough to pass it on to a friend who does not know it, or, better still, will you order a copy to be sent to a friend each week, and so help on the things the CN stands for?

ORDER FORM

To Newsagent
Please deliver THE CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER every Thursday until further notice to the following address:

Date

Signature

If no newsagent is available the CN can be delivered at any address in the world for 11s a year. Please send a cheque or postal order to The Amalgamated Press, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

MARIE ELISABETH REALLY ARE SARDINES!
Are imitated but never equalled.

The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

December 31, 1938

Every Thursday

Arthur Mee's Children's Encyclopedia will be delivered anywhere by the Educational Book Co., Tallis Street, E.C.4.

PARTY TANTRUMS

Children's Xmas and New Year parties, enjoyable though they are for young and old, cause many good health rules to be broken.

Bedtime is delayed, rich cakes and foods are eaten, and the children enjoy an exciting but fatiguing time. Small wonder that temper storms often result, but the unfortunate child is not always to blame. The sudden outburst is often due to liver and bowel congestion and indicates that Nature requires assistance to cope with the unusual conditions. What is needed is a gentle, natural laxative.

'California Syrup of Figs' is the ideal children's laxative, and a teaspoonful given each night during party time will regulate the system and help your children to be on their best behaviour.

When purchasing be very careful to ask for 'California Syrup of Figs' brand Laxative, which Doctors and Nurses so confidently recommend. At all Chemists, 1/3 and 2/6.

Bertie Bassett's Diary



CARTONS 2, 3 & 6
Also 3¹/₂ Qtr. lb. loose
Of all good Confectioners.

BASSETT'S ORIGINAL LIQUORICE ALLSORTS

When communicating with advertisers be sure to mention that you saw the announcement in THE CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER.

DUKE OF YORK'S, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.2.
(Temple Bar 5122.)
Comm. BOXING DAY and MATS. Daily at 2.30.
THE BOY WHO LOST HIS TEMPER
An Enchanting Musical Christmas Play for Children and Grown-ups.
By RICA BROMLEY TAYLOR. Music by GEOFFREY HENMAN.

BREAKFAST-TIME
and breakfast do not always coincide in very poor homes in East London. Please help us to give 52,000 hungry children a good free breakfast this winter.
★ The cost is 3d. each. £1 pays for 80. ★
R.S.V.P. to REV. PERCY INESON, Superintendent,
EAST END MISSION,
Bromley Street, Commercial Road, Stepney, E.1

Warm up
for the day on
SHREDDED WHEAT
AND HOT MILK

THE BRAN TUB

Jumbled European Cities

TURN round the letters of the following words and phrases and, placed in a certain order, they will spell the names of four well-known European cities.

AVENGE A BUN LIST
OPEN CHANGE A PURGE

Answer next week

Ici on Parle Français



Une orange Le trottoir La pelure
orange pavement peel

On a tort de jeter la pelure d'orange sur le trottoir. Les gens peuvent glisser dessus et tomber.

It is wrong to throw orange peel on the pavement. People may slip on it and fall.

An Old Proverb in a New Dress

SUBMIT your whole environment to critical inspection. Ere quitting terra-firma in a vertical direction.

This is another way of saying, Look before you leap.

What Happened on Your Birthday

- Jan. 1. Maria Edgeworth born . . . 1767
2. General Wolfe born . . . 1727
3. Cicero born at Arpinum 106 B.C.
4. Henry George Bohn, publisher, born . . . 1798
5. Catherine of Medici died . . . 1589
6. Richard II born . . . 1367
7. Calais recaptured by the French . . . 1558

A Burning Question

If a set of fire-irons and dogs cost three pounds, what will a ton of coals come to? Ashes.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening Jupiter is in the south-west, Saturn in the south, and Uranus in the south-east. In the morning Mercury, Venus, and Mars are in the south-east. The picture shows the moon as it may be seen at eight o'clock on Sunday evening, January 1.

A Party Game

A VERY good game for a party is to write down on slips of paper various trades and professions, and then to distribute these among the players who are to write down on each a girl's Christian name, suitable for the wife of the man following the

trade. Here are some specimen names:

A civil engineer, Bridget; a clergyman, Marie; a shoemaker, Peggy; a sexton, Belle; a porter, Carrie; a dancing master, Grace; a gardener, Flora; an astronomer, Stella; a doctor, Patience; a marksman, Amy; a judge, Justine; a pianist, Octavia; an upholsterer, Sophie.

What Really Matters

IT ISN'T what you are, but how you live, Isn't what you have, but how you give, Isn't what you do, but how you do it, That makes life worth going through it.

Arithmetical Problem

THE manufacturer was pleased with business and said to a friend: "Our trade has increased enormously. Last month the output of screws ran into six figures; and the strange thing is that if we produced four times the number the figures would be the same, but exactly reversed."

What was the output of screws? Answer next week

East, West, Home's Best



I HAVE no wish to wander In snow, and rain, and sleet: I'd rather sit and ponder, And toast my little feet.

This Week in Nature

THE little climbing nuthatch is heard in the countryside, its bubbling twitter sounding very much like a stone skimming on ice. This bird has a blue-grey back and buff breast, and feeds largely on vegetables and seeds. The nuthatch has a particular liking for nuts, which are fixed in a crack and split by its strong bill.

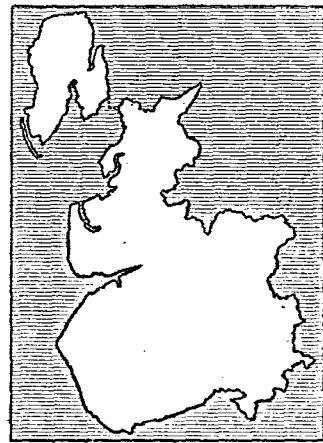
The Hedgehog

WE humans by the hedgehog are in one respect outdone. The hedgehog has a host of spines, While we have only one.

Tongue-Twister

TRY repeating the following sentence rapidly six times: The locusts show no sure signs of diminishing.

Is This Your County?



FEW of us know what a map of our county looks like. Do you know this one? Answer next week

Transformation

CUSTOMER: Is that hair tonic any good?
Barber: Any good? Why, last week I spilled some on my comb and now it's a brush.

The Wail of the Whelk

THE whelk was doing his best to hide Upon the beach. "Oh, fetch me back, dear sea," he cried, "Before I'm taken home and fried!" "Alas, I can't," the sea replied; "You're out of reach. I couldn't save you if I tried; You'll have to wait till next high tide."

A Coin Trick

Cut a strip of stiff paper and paste the ends together to form a ring. Balance this on top of a bottle, and immediately over the neck of the bottle on top of the ring place a small coin. The coin must be small enough to pass easily into the bottle. Now put the coin into the bottle without touching either.

The way to do this is to give the inside of the paper band a smart blow with a cane. If this is done very rapidly the band will be removed before its motion has had time to communicate itself to the coin, which will then drop into the bottle.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Peter Puck's Fun Fair

There were at least 22 objects beginning with the letters T and H—Tub, Trunk, Trainer, Top-hat, Trumpet, Tiger, Tail, Tassel, Tusk, Tambourine, Terrier, Tongue, Trousers, Horse, Hoof, Harness, Hair, Hoop, Hand, Hole, Heel, Heart.

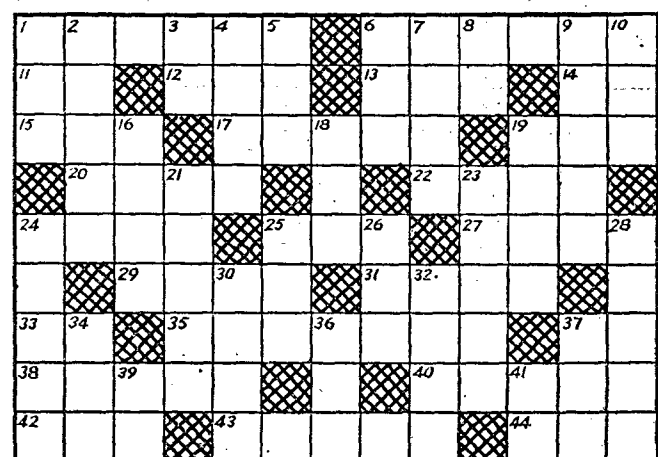
The six presents were Doll, Engine, Football, Aeroplane, Book, Paintbox.

Reading Across.

1. An antiseptic. 2. To seize. 11. Member of Parliament. 12. Not many. 13. A cover. 14. In the direction of. 15. A hole in the ground. 17. A piece of open forest land. 19. A cooking vessel. 20. Has this lock a monster? 22. Prepare for publication. 24. Nearest in place or time. 25. A high mountain. 27. A scrap of news. 29. A rent. 31. Every one individually. 33. French for and. 35. A mean or medial amount. 37. Pronoun of neuter gender. 38. The sound of bells. 40. To bring out. 42. Organ of sight. 43. Fast. 44. Preposition.

Reading Down. 1. A mischievous child. 2. To think. 3. Conditional. 4. Recent intelligence regarding events. 5. A sheep. 6. Every one. 7. To travel in a vehicle. 8. Road. 9. A nation. 10. A heavy weight. 16. Scriptural passage selected as theme of a sermon. 18. To be in pain. 19. Soft in a plant stem. 21. Vapor. 23. Ornamented with diamonds. 24. Brother's daughter. 25. The unit of French square measure. 26. Leguminous plant. 28. An instrument that measures and records. 30. To affirm. 32. Old. 34. Possessive pronoun. 36. A knock. 37. Solid water. 39. That is. 41. Elevated.

The CN Cross Word Puzzle



Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues. Answer next week